

Sports Illustrated

SEPTEMBER 28, 1964

50 CENTS

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MINNESOTA VIKINGS

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ALL-LEAGUE HALFBACK





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Fill out the blanks with your name and address plus the names of the teams you think will win the NFL Eastern and the NFL Western Conferences.

Send in your choices and if you pick the right teams you'll be eligible for one of nearly two thousand prizes. That's all there is to it. No puzzles, no contests, no rhymes.

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THIRD PRIZE: (for which there are five winners) an all-expense-paid trip for two to the NFL Title Game or \$500 cash.

Anyone can be a winner of other fabulous prizes which go on and on right up to a grand total of 1,983!!!

Best of all, you can enter as often as you wish so long as each entry is mailed separately.

Official "Pick the Champs" Rules:

All entries must be postmarked by November 28, 1964 and received by December 7, 1964. The decisions of the judges are final. No substitutions will be made for any prizes offered. Residents of the United States, except employees and their families of The Mennen Company, its advertising agencies and D. L. Blair Company (the independent judging organization) are eligible to enter. Sweepstakes void in any area where prohibited or restricted by law. Winners will be notified as soon as possible after the NFL season has closed and/or the winning Eastern and Western Conference teams have been determined.

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1963 WINNERS**



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NFL Western Conference _____

Name _____

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Next week

THE OLYMPIC GAMES are the principal concern of our Oct. 5 issue. John Underwood assesses U.S. chances, charts all the events (and picks the winners). Gilbert Rogin, just back from New Zealand, discusses some startling new facts about runner Peter Snell. Other stars are presented in a 15-page photographic portfolio. Finally, Aristophanes Alexander Eliot describes the not always spoken-of Games of the Greek past.

THE WORLD SERIES preview adds up the factors in the pennant races, weighs them against each other, throws in such intangibles as morale—and then presents a reasoned prediction.

1922: George Sisler, who led both leagues with a .420 batting average, was the American League's Most Valuable Player. New England Life was in its 88th year.



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SHOOTING EVENTS AND FIELD TRIALS

Trapshoots in the East through Nov. 15

SEPT. 26 Hegins Trap Club, Hegins, Pa.; Hamerton County Trap Club, Flemington, N.J.

SEPT. 27 Buffalo Skeet Club, Amherst, N.Y.; National Capital Gun Club, Washington, Whorlekill Road and Gun Club, Hopewell Junction, N.Y.; Wilmington Trap Assn., Wilmington, Del.

OCT. 2 Hegins Trap Club, Hegins, Pa.

OCT. 4 Bridgeport Red and Gun Club, Bridgeport, N.Y.; Bristol Fish and Game Assn., Bristol, Conn.; Cedar Gun Club, Darlington, Md.; Conococheague Sports Club, Washington Co., Md.; Marshall County Hunting and Fishing Club, Mountville, W.Va.; Oxford Gun Club, Oxford, Pa.; Valley Game and Conservation Club, Shmonikon, Pa.

OCT. 10 Wilmington Trap Assn., Wilmington, Del.; Wooster Mountain Gun Club, Danbury, Conn.; Atlantic Trap Assn., Atlantic City, N.J. (also Oct. 11); Hegins Trap Club, Hegins, Pa. (also Oct. 11); New York Athletic Club, Travers Island, N.Y. (also Oct. 11).

OCT. 11 Anne Arundel County Fish and Game Club, St. Margaret's, Md.; Fairfield County Fish and Game Club, Newtown, Conn.; Kent Gun Club, Magnolia, Del.; St. Catharines Gun Club, St. Catharines, Ont.; Tancystown Red and Gun Club, Tancystown, Md.

OCT. 17 Hegins Trap Club, Hegins, Pa.; Oxford Gun Club, Oxford, Pa.

OCT. 18 North Jersey Gun Club, Caldwell, N.J.; Oriole Gun Club, Baltimore, Sussex County Trap Assn., Midway, Del.; West Park Trap Assn., Walker Valley, N.Y.

OCT. 24 Hegins Trap Club, Hegins, Pa.

OCT. 25 Carroll County Gun Club, Sykesville, Md.; Fish and Feather Club, Mills, Mass.; Nassau Trap and Skeet Club, Brookhaven, N.Y.; Remington Gun Club, Stratford, Conn.; Wilmington Trap Assn., Wilmington, Del.

OCT. 26 Hegins Trap Club, Hegins, Pa.; Palisquoque Rod and Gun Club, Danbury, Conn.

NOV. 1 Oxford Gun Club, Oxford, Pa.; Talbot Red and Gun Club, Eason, Md.; Walhara Lake Hunt and Game Club, Hazroville, R.I.

NOV. 7 Atlantic Trap Assn., Atlantic City, N.J.

NOV. 8 Oriole Gun Club, Baltimore, Wilmington Trap Assn., Wilmington, Del.

NOV. 10 Sussex County Trap Assn., Midway, Del.

NOV. 16 Oxford Gun Club, Oxford, Pa.

NOV. 18 Cedar Gun Club, Darlington, Md.; Remington Gun Club, Stratford, Conn.

Skeet shoots in the East through Nov. 22

SEPT. 26 Hendrick Hudson Fish and Game Club, Troy, N.Y. (also Sept. 27); Danville Gun Club, Danville, Va. (also Sept. 27)



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SHOOTING AND FIELD TRIALS — continued

- SEPT. 27** Nutmeg Skeeet Club, Lordship, Conn.; Bradonham Rod and Gun Club, Bradonham, Me.; Falmouth Skeeet Club, Falmouth, Mass.; St. Catharines Gun Club, St. Catharines, Ont.; Lawrence County Sportsmen's Assn., New Castle, Pa.
- OCT. 2** Watervliet Fish and Game Protective Assn., Albany, N.Y.
- OCT. 4** Rocky Mount Skeeet Club, Rocky Mount, Va.; Coonkin Skeeet Club, Charleston, W. Va.
- OCT. 8** Lake Placid Club, Lake Placid, N.Y. (also Oct. 11)
- OCT. 10** Pocono Skeeet Shooting Assn., Lake Harmony, Pa. (also Oct. 11); Fredericksburg Rod and Gun Club, Fredericksburg, Va. (also Oct. 11).
- OCT. 11** Fins Gun Club, Swedesboro, N.J.
- OCT. 12** Remington Gun Club, Lordship, Conn.; Minute Man Sportsman's Club, Hileret, Mass. (through Oct. 20); Barre Gun Club, Barre, Ont.; Holmberg Fish and Game Protective Assn., Philadelphia; Lawrence County Sportsmen's Assn., New Castle, Pa.; Fairfax Rod and Gun Club, Manassas, Va.
- OCT. 25** Tarentum Sportsmen's Club, Tarentum, Pa.
- NOV. 7** Winchester Gun Club, Ringwood, N.J. (also Nov. 8).
- NOV. 14** Corning Fish and Game Club, Corning, N.Y. (also Nov. 15).
- NOV. 22** Holmberg Fish and Game Protective Assn., Philadelphia; Lawrence County Sportsmen's Assn., New Castle, Pa.; East Warren Rod and Gun Club, Warren, R.I.

Field Trials in the East through Oct. 10

- SEPT. 29** Rockville Fish and Game Club, East Windsor, Conn.; Broome County Field Trial Club, Binghamton, N.Y.; York Pointer and Setter Club, Manchester, Pa.; Gordon Setter Club of America, Pennsylvania Region, Allentown, Pa.; Panhandle Pointer and Setter Club, Bulger, Pa.
- SEPT. 30** National Pheasant Shooting Dog Championship, Baldwinville, N.Y.
- OCT. 2** Sussex County Field Trial Club, Sparta, N.J.; Fin, Fur and Feather Club, Westboro, Mass.; Northern Virginia Field Trial Club, Fairfax, Va.; North Montour Sportsmen's Assn., Washingtonville, Pa.; Sewickley Field Trial Club, Sewickley, Pa.
- OCT. 4** National Shooting Dog Futurity, Baldwinville, N.Y.
- OCT. 7** National Capital Field Trial Club, Poolesville, Md.
- OCT. 9** American Field Pheasant Dog Futurity, Three Rivers Game Management Area, Baldwinville, N.Y.
- OCT. 10** Bird Dog Club, Falmouth, Mass.; Boston Irish Setter Assn., Collier's Mills, N.J.; Greensburg Pointer and Setter Club, Blauvelt, Pa.; German Shorthaired Pointer Club of Northern New York, Watertown, N.Y.; Region 2 Shooting Dog Championship, Turbotville, Pa.



Photo courtesy of American Airlines. The Astrovision system is available on all American Airlines flights. The Astrovision system is available on all American Airlines flights.

Astrovision is a personal entertainment system that offers you first-run movies; local television; and even special programs of stereophonic music.

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Astrovision sets are mounted in the seats in First Class (one for every two passengers) and on the overhead shelf in our Royal Coachman section (one set for every nine passengers).

We might add that we did not make this move to Astrovision hastily. The first system we considered was the traditional big screen. We discarded this, feel-

ing it might make our passengers a captive audience.

(Astrovision, with its smaller screen and choice of entertainment, will not intrude, and never needs a darkened cabin. After all, a number of our passengers are businessmen with work to do.)

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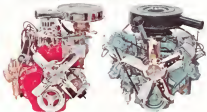
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Announcing the '65 Rambler American Powerfully New Compact Economy King

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RAMBLER AMERICAN

The Compact Economy King

Watch the Danny Kaye Show on CBS-TV,
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SCORECARD

NEW FACE ON THE FACE-OFF

At the National Hockey League meetings in Montreal last June an important rule change was made to end the tugging, hauling and crashing that turned face-offs at both ends of the rink into a matter of mass wrestling. The new rule says that there must be no physical contact (body to body or stick to body) between players taking a face-off. It will do away with the practice—used by nearly all teams—of placing a hulking defense man in the face-off circle in the defensive zone and having said bruiser crash into the opposing center, often a little guy. Usually, the center went sprawling, and a defender would swoop down on the puck, clearing it from danger.

The premium now is on a clean "draw," as hockey parlance puts it, and the referee will impose a minor penalty on offenders who make contact with an opponent outside of stick-to-stick contact. And this, of course, will give talented stickhandlers like Montreal's Henri Richard, Toronto's Dave Keon or Boston's Murray Oliver, among others, a chance to exploit their face-off talents without worrying about being driven up into the rafters. It should also open up the game, since players outside the face-off circle must remain in position to take the puck if it comes their way.

Some of the knock-'em-down-and-stomp-'em school are opposing the rule change, saying it will "simplify" the game. Our feeling is that it will improve it, putting a premium on skill as opposed to size and brutality.

MORNING LINE AT VEGAS

After he abandoned his handicapping business in Las Vegas, James (Jimmie the Greek) Snyder was chafed by inactivity. He has now turned to writing an oddsmaking column in the Las Vegas Sun. Here, on some upcoming sporting and politico-sporting events, are the odds as Jimmie figures them:

President Lyndon Johnson is 1 to 5 over Senator Barry Goldwater, "and the price will go higher because it's the trend." Johnson is even money to win

by a plurality of five million in the popular vote. In New York State, Robert Kennedy is a 1-to-2 favorite over Senator Kenneth Keating.

The Phils are 1-to-50 favorites to win the National League pennant, but if New York's Yankees win in the American League the Phils will be 3-to-2 underdogs in the World Series.

In the National Football League, Green Bay is a 1-to-2 favorite to win the Western Conference title. In the East, St. Louis and Cleveland are co-favorites, each at 10 to 6.

And, finally, Sonny Liston is favored to beat Cassius (Muhammad Ali) Clay in their return match in Boston. The price: 11 to 5.

ALMA MATER

The third-fastest mile in Kentucky high school history was run last year by Mike Stout of Owensboro Senior High. Then, during the summer, Mike's family moved to Fern Creek, devastating Owensboro's dream of further glory. Because his parents had moved to another school district, Mike would be ineligible for athletic competition in Owensboro.

But Kentucky track coaches are not without resource. Owensboro's track coach, Joe Voyles, has solved it all. He went to court and became Mike's legal guardian.

GOODBY, C. D.

In an astonishing number of countries, men—ordinary citizens as well as those who patrol what C. P. Snow calls the corridors of power—will hear with sadness of the death last week in New York of C. D. Jackson, a distinguished American and the Senior Vice-President of Time Inc., at the age of 62.

C. D. always had a sympathetic eye for this magazine. It was he who enabled SPORTS ILLUSTRATED to make it possible for the Hungarian athletes who escaped from the Communists at the 1956 Olympics to come to this country and start new lives. He was not a sportsman in the conventional sense, but he was in the deeper sense. He liked to fight, he

liked action, he liked to take chances. He had great ability, but his greatest ability was to command affection. He was loved by many, and now they mourn him.

LONESOME PINE HAZARD

A huge old pine tree stands directly in the middle of No. 1 fairway at the new Port Royal Country Club course on Hilton Head Island, S.C. At some 330 yards from the tee, it represents an unusual hazard, and George W. Cobb, who designed the course, shudders every time he sees it. It stands because C. Y. Thomason, owner of the course, just could not bear to have it cut down.

Players who have bounced balls off it are less sentimental, though, and Thomason has begun to relent. A vote is taken from each golfer every time he plays the course. At the end of six months the fate of the pine will be decided by these votes.

LITTLE LEAGUE ABC'S

It was as simple as ABC-TV. Before that network taped the finals of the Little League World Series for its *Wide World of Sports* program, one of the TV directors dropped by the favored Staten Island team's bunkhouse to give



the kids a pep talk about the big game.

"Whatever you do, fellas," he told the cast of anxious juveniles, "just be sure you face the camera."

DECLINE AND FALL

One hears from time to time that James D. Norris, the multimillionaire who monopolized prizefighting for a decade, has entered one of his horses in a race, but that is about all one hears of him. Norris

continued

FAVORITE AMONG TOP AMATEURS

STEVE GRANITZ



TITLEIST

Once again, at the 1984 USGA Amateur Championship, the country's best amateurs overwhelmingly chose to play Titleist.

**Among the 150 entrants*

109 PLAYED TITLEIST

- 13 PLAYED THE #2 BALL
- 13 PLAYED THE #3 BALL
- 7 PLAYED THE #4 BALL

**Official count*

Play the ball the best players choose. Play Titleist.

ACUSHNET GOLF BALLS

SOLO THRU GOLF COURSE PRO SHOPS only

SCORECARD continued

has withdrawn into an obscurity that he has seemed to desire since he was driven out of boxing and his alliance with the underworld was exposed beyond possibility of denial. Just a few years ago his ruggedly handsome face was flashed on national television before every big fight. Now television has abandoned the fights, and boxing is at its lowest state in modern times.

How it got there is told in *James Norris and the Decline of Boxing* by Barney Nagler (Bobbs-Merrill, \$4.95), a book of estimable coherence when one considers what a tangle of events and personalities the author had to unravel. The strange alliance between Norris and Frank Carbo, a murderous hoodlum who became prizefighting's underworld czar, as explained fully, if not the character flaw that permitted Norris to tolerate him. The tragedy of that brilliant lawyer, Truman Gibson Jr., finally convicted of conspiracy for doing Norris' dirty work, comes through clearly. And the Byzantine conniving that went on behind the scenes of so many big fights is traced by a writer who has done his research thoroughly—even though he has reported it belatedly. (When Norris and Carbo were the despots of boxing only this magazine and a handful of sportswriters protested.)

Boxing will come back, no doubt, as it always has. When it starts the long climb one hopes that those who dominate it will remember the lessons to be found between the covers of this fascinating book.

MAX THE SCISSORS

How do you keep girls out of a football player's hair? "Cut it off," says Max Spilsbury, Arizona State College coach. A hide-peeling ex-leatherneck who believes in tearing a man down so that he may build the raw material back up again the Marine way, Spilsbury makes head-mowing mandatory for all freshman footballers.

Some years ago Max the Barber got tired of hot freshman prospects whose wavy hair irresistibly tempted coeds to rearrange it. After the first few weeks of practice, the game's prospects tended to forsake football for less painful sport. ASC freshmen are immediately outfitted now with unarrangeable (and unattractive) hair. It is not uncommon to see a tackle tough as grade-B beef sporting a Friar Tuck trim. There are also Mo-

hawk cuts, nude cuts, tufts, plaits and neatly carved initials. Each year more imaginative revenge is wreaked by upperclassmen for bob jobs they once endured.

This is all a far piece from the days when stripe-jerseyed, mole-skin-breeched football idols cultivated luxuriant crops of cranial shrubbery but, says Spilsbury, "There's a purpose in it. When these kids come to us, they come to play football. They don't have time to fall in love." Well, there was a purpose back then, too. In those helmetless days players grew Beatle-styled hair as padding to protect their skulls. We offer that argument to the coeds at Flagstaff.

THE STROLLERS

It once was considered quite a feat to hike the Appalachian Trail over its entire 2,000 miles from Georgia to Maine. Now it has begun to seem like a Sunday afternoon stroll.

Charles Eversole, a 45-year-old retired chief petty officer, his 18-year-old son John, and their 7-year-old beagle, Snuffy, arrived at Mount Katahdin one day last week, ending a trek that began March 31 at Springer Mountain in Georgia.

Two days later Mrs. Emma Gatewood of Cheshire, Ohio did it—and for the third time. Mrs. Gatewood will be 77 next month.

"MOTHER... PLEASE!"

Paul Richards, general manager of the Houston Colts, has never forgotten that he used to be field manager of the Baltimore Orioles. This year in spring training, for example, in the presence of outsiders, he gave Manager Harry Craft some advice on how to run the Colts. Like the lady making soap in the headache remedy commercial, Craft bridled: "Paul, if you don't mind, I'd like to run this show myself." Said Richards: "Sure—if that's the way you want it."

And last week that's the way Craft got it. Richards sacked him and promoted Third-base Coach Luman Harris. Since Luman has been around Richards for years, he knows, one suspects, that what matters is how Richards wants it.

NATURE UNBALANCED AGAIN

There is a type of fisherman who is not satisfied merely to catch fish. He wants more fish, and he may be about to get them. Science has developed a fish that is both stupid and greedy, and it is being caught by the thousands.

At the annual meeting of the American Fisheries Society last week Dr. George

continued



Optician Robert Dineen at work in his shop in Buffalo, N. Y.

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Robert Dineen in conversation with Norm Berns

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SCORECARD continued

W. Bennett, chief aquatic biologist of the Illinois Natural History Survey, reported on experiments that his assistant, William F. Childers, has conducted to develop a stupid fish with a good growth rate. He settled on the sunfish and, after crossing a number of species, came up with several hybrids, crosses between the bluegill, green sunfish, red-car sunfish and warmouth, some of which seem to be the answer. One cross, the bluegill-green, is not only wonderfully obedient but is superbly hungry at all times. Cast to him and he is totally unable to resist the lure.

Unhappily, the solution already has created a new problem. Five thousand of the hybrids were developed in an Illinois Department of Conservation lake and fishermen were encouraged to go after them. In just two weeks they caught 4,000. Chances are the hybrids will not last long enough to provide much more fishing, let alone spawn.

CAMELO COOLS IT

Maddened by the slowness of the Minnesota Twins pitcher, Camelo Pascual, against the Baltimore Orioles one night last week, a reporter started keeping a rather different kind of scorecard.

The eighth inning, he noted, began at 10:46 p.m. It took Pascual 20 minutes to pitch to five batters. During that time he adjusted his cap 25 times; hitched his trousers 17 times; took off his glove and rubbed and rerubbed baseballs 18 times; looked around twice at the dugout, four times at the outfielders; conferred with his manager once and his catcher three times; scraped the rubber on the pitching mound 15 times; wiped his forehead 12 times; scraped the dirt on the front portion of the mound 41 times.

And how did the fans like all this? Not one bit.

THEY SAID IT

• Elmer Vickers, Tropical Park general manager, explaining why he goes to work five days a week even when his track is not operating: "My doctor tells me it's the only way to work off the frustrations of two days of golf."

• Mrs. Bari Starr, asked if she noticed any difference in the Green Bay Packers this season. "Well, I think Paul Hornung looks older. He'll probably shoot me for saying this, but his hairline is receding quite a bit."

END



Anything this homely has got to be good.

The VW Station Wagon may look silly. But it's so sensible, it notes all the others look even sillier.

We started by chipping away at every senseless old idea we could find.

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Because the rule works both ways:

Anything this good has got to be homely.





Sports
Illustrated
SEPTEMBER 28, 1961

THE VIKINGS ON THE MOVE

Tammy Mason picks up yards on a sweep against Baltimore. He made a key contribution to Minnesota's win, the big upset in pro football's first week.

CONTINUED



NOW THE NFL'S TODDLERS RUN WITH THE BIG MEN

In the melee of the National Football League's two-game-old season—with no team unbeaten or untied—the Minnesota Vikings first walloped the contending Colts and then scared the champion Bears **by EDWIN SHRAKE**

Entering the third week of the season, the National Football League already has managed to scramble itself into a big variety show in which there is fun for nearly everyone. No team has won two games, 12 teams have won one game and only two teams have not won at all. In that sort of atmosphere anything is possible. It is even possible for the Minnesota Vikings to have as good a record as the Green Bay Packers against common opposition, although a man who said that last month would have been hurried off to analysis.

Two weeks ago in their league opener the Vikings smashed out 313 yards on the ground, beat the Baltimore Colts 34-24 and put on a pass-rush that banished Johnny Unitas in the white shirts and purple pants the Minnesota players call their Easter-egg uniforms. Last Sunday in Minneapolis the Vikings saw their All-NFL halfback Tommy Mason (see cover) knocked unconscious in the first quarter, but they still rambled for 413 yards and four touchdowns against the formidable defense of the Chicago Bears before losing 34-28 to the 1963 NFL champions. The Packers had clipped the Bears 23-12, but on Sunday the Colts—a team the Vikings had handled easily—sprang back to beat Green Bay 21-20.

Although the Vikings stand only 1-1, they lead the league in total offense and are tied with Philadelphia in scoring with 62 points. Their record to date is an impressive answer to the cynics who tried to laugh away Minnesota's five exhibition victories. Exhibition games are used for experimenting with rookies and earning training-camp expenses; this is the one period during a long and arduous season when the question is not who won or lost but how the game was played. And the opinion was that once the game began to be played toward the championship the Vikings would fade like summer roses.

The Vikings had no such thought themselves. Instead they were remembering 1960, the year a bedraggled and much-abused team called the Green Bay Packers won six straight exhibition games to the same skeptical smiles that greeted Minnesota this season and then kept going into an era of championships. The Vikings, the newest franchise in the NFL, may not be headed toward an immediate championship, but they are not a mirage. They have a fine young quarterback in Fran Tarkenton (six touchdown passes in the first two games), excellent pass receivers including last season's Rookie of the Year, Paul Flarty, and an offensive line that does its work in effective, if unspectacular, fashion. Rookie Carl Eller has added strength and size to the defensive front, the linebacking is adequate, and Corner Back Ed Sharrockman is developing into one of the league's best. The Vikings are a team of hitters. Minnesota fans fondly call them "our headbunters." But perhaps the main reason the Vikings are suddenly in contention is that the slashing Tommy Mason is now getting help from stumpy, bowlegged, 221-pound Bill Brown and is free to run with only slightly more than normal attention from the opposition.

Mason spent the previous two seasons being guarded like Willie Sutton, but he frequently escaped anyhow. This year the pressure on Mason has been eased by the emergence of Brown—who was traded by the Bears and was on the brink of being cut by the Vikings—as a runner who breaks tackles and as a receiver who can score on the deep pass. With Brown banging at the ends and ripping at the middle in his rolling, bumping, barging style, the defenses cannot afford to jam up on Mason. In the first two games Brown has rushed for 180 yards in 32 carries, and Mason, despite being groggy for most of the afternoon against the

Bears, has run for 153 yards in 27 carries.

Tommy Mason is a 6-foot-1, 196-pound halfback, singer, guitar player, weight lifter, poetry quoter and sugar-plantation owner with the strong handsome country-boy face of a young calf-roper. He was not an All-America, because he chose to go to college at Tulane which plays in the tough Southeastern Conference but has a somewhat Ivy League approach to football these days. When the Vikings made Mason their No. 1 draft choice for 1961, Minnesota Coach Norm Van Brocklin said, "We got the best football player in the country." After watching Mason as a pro for three seasons Van Brocklin says, "Nothing has happened to make me change my mind. Mason runs with speed and power. He's the best blocker on our team, and if he played defense he'd be our best defensive back. His only weakness is balance. He's inclined to be a stumbler. But he's the kind of kid you'd like to claim for your own. He doesn't drink or smoke, but he doesn't make it uncomfortable for those who do."

Fran Tarkenton, a close friend of Mason, says: "Tommy is the best halfback in the league. I don't know how you could expect one man to do any more than Tommy does for us. And with Bill Brown running so well this year we have great versatility. It's a tremendous advantage to me as a quarterback. It doesn't matter which one of them I set to which side, which one has to block or run or catch the ball. Nobody can key on Mason anymore."

Brown and Mason complement each other like a pair of well-trained carriage horses. They come out of the huddle and line up in an I formation with Mason behind Brown. Then they split to either side leaving no one in the usual fullback position. The way they help each other wreck opposing defenses is illustrated in one of the Vikings' most

continued

PHOTOGRAPH BY NEIL LESTER

Fullback Bill Brown made significant gains against both Bears and Colts and helped to divert the attention of the defense from Tommy Mason.

effective plays—the swing-and-up pass.

In the swing-and-up pass Mason sets as a halfback on the strong side, the side on which the flanker back is playing. At the snap, the tight end, who is on the strong side, and the flanker go downfield and break toward the middle to draw the corner back and the safety with them. Mason drifts out as if for a swing pass and then cuts on his 9.8 speed and sprints for the end zone with only the strong-side linebacker to chase him as Tarkenton throws the ball.

"I run my tail off," Mason says. "I can run with any back in the league and with most of the ends and flankers, and I ought to be able to outrun a linebacker." He always does. In Mason's second season, 1962, the Vikings scored six touchdowns on the swing-and-up pass. Last year, whenever Mason set to the strong side the defense went into a zone to be certain a safety man would be tagging Mason deep, but the swing-and-up pass worked for three touchdowns. Two weeks ago in the second quarter against Baltimore, Mason and the flanker set left and the Colts went into a partial zone—or trick—defense on the same side to try to protect themselves against the swing-and-up. So Brown ran the swing-and-up pattern from the weak side. It turned into a foot race between Brown and Linebacker Bill Pellington, a race Brown won easily to score on a 48-yard pass from Tarkenton.

"Brown is really the big man for us this year," Mason said. "If they key on me, Bill drives them crazy. I sure am glad we have him." The kind of running Mason does best is hit quick and then disappear over the horizon. "But I had trouble learning that," Mason said. "In my rookie year, 1961, we had Hugh McElhenny, and he sort of took me under his wing. Most of the stories about me say I didn't play regularly as a rookie because I was hurt [he got a pinched nerve in his neck during workouts for the Chicago All-Star game], but that wasn't the reason at all. I didn't play regularly because McElhenny was better than I was. He was great to me, though. He tried to teach me everything, and that's how I got into trouble.

"McElhenny was a dancer. He had great balance and footwork. I tried to copy him. I would be dancing around looking for holes, and wham! While I was dancing the hole closed and I was

nowhere. I finally learned what I had to do was break for that hole and run as fast and as hard as I could. I'm no dancer. But the thing McElhenny helped me most on was my confidence. He used to put his arm around me and say, 'Kid, you can be the best halfback in this league.' Eventually I believed him. You can't be anything as an athlete without confidence."

Mason's long runs are a result of planning as well as instinct and ability. "Of course, you can't really plan a long run, but you can make it a lot easier for yourself," Mason said. "I can diagram everybody's assignment on every play, and when I break into the secondary I know where my help is most likely to come from. I know what defensive backs are fastest and should be avoided if possible. I can nearly set my pattern for going downfield. Then much of it depends on reflex. I see a flash of color and go the other direction. If, for example, I see a flash of color on my right and know I'm about to be hit from that side, I prepare for it. I spin and give them a limp leg and try to twist out and keep going. I can't overpower the guys in this league.

"I never have felt I have run as well as I am capable. I look at movies and see where I made a wrong cut. I made it in a split second with bodies all around me a few feet away, but still I see in the movies where it was wrong. I'm working to improve that and to improve my balance."

As a blocker Mason is excellent, though he had to make some embarrassing adjustments in his early days as a pro. The first time he tried to pass-block Doug Atkins, Chicago's 6-foot-8, 255-pound All-League end, Mason ducked and lunged. Atkins leaped over Mason's head and landed on Tarkenton. "They call Atkins 255, but he hasn't been that light since he was 10 years old," said Mason. "He's at least 285. Next time I kept my head up and he grabbed me by the seat of the pants and scruff of the neck and tossed me aside like a bouncer throwing a drunk out of a beer joint. But blocking is a matter of pride. I can knock down a 230-pound blitzing linebacker if I really hit him hard. I've found out I feel it less if I hit him hard. If I get set and wait he'll knock me end over end. Football is a game of hitting. I don't think of myself as a hard-nosed player. But I know you have to keep hitting and hitting and

hitting until you make the other guy quit, and that's how you win. I haven't missed an assignment in two years through not knowing what I was supposed to do. If I didn't get the job done it was not because I was in the wrong place or not trying."

Mason's exuberant personality has brought him more than the usual amount of locker-room jockeying. He sings and plays his guitar at the slightest invitation, he drives a new Cadillac with a stereophonic tape machine on the front floorboard blaring Percy Faith records, he likes to keep his brown hair long, and he is not reluctant to wear his black-and-gray cowboy boots with a suit. All of that can be, and often is, used against him. Once when the Vikings met to watch movies of a game with Green Bay, Van Brocklin called their attention to a play in which Mason slipped as he was trying to block Linebacker Bill Forester. Mason sprawled ungloriously on the wet turf, and Forester sprawled on Tarkenton. "Gentlemen," said Van Brocklin, "that is how a guy blocks who has a Cadillac and a banjo."

"He also pointed out my long hair and said I looked like a Hollywood beach bum," Mason said. "But I didn't mind. Dutch chews me out the same as he does a rookie. Nobody gets special treatment on this team. So we try to help each other. I think when I made All-NFL last year we were all proud—not for me but for the Vikings."

Mason began singing at the age of 4 when he would walk along the banks of the Calcasieu River in Lake Charles, La., harmonizing with his mother and older brother, Boo. At Lake Charles High School, Mason played saxophone in the concert band for four years. But by then Mason was also playing football. He broke the district high school rushing and scoring records Boo had set and, despite an impassioned selling job by Paul Dietzel at LSU, Tommy followed Boo to Tulane in 1957, the year hurricane Audrey smashed ashore at Cameron and destroyed the Masons' home on the Calcasieu. In 1958 Tommy and Boo, who is now a captain in the Air Force, played in the same backfield.

In his senior year Mason led the Southeastern Conference in rushing and scoring and played 48 minutes per game. That was also the year a woman influenced Mason to change his course of study. Mason had been a premedical stu-

dent. He abandoned that and became an English major. He did it so he could expand his range of conversation with Lily Christine, an exotic dancer who goes by the name of the Cat Girl.

"Lily was very interested in the romantic poets—Byron, Shelley, Keats, you know—and I learned them, too," Mason said. "A lot of people acted kind of horrified that I was a good friend of Lily Christine. People who act like that are small-minded. Because Lily is a stripper doesn't mean she can't be a fine person. She's a health faddist, and she encouraged me to take care of myself. The only thing I ever smoked was a piece of grapevine once that burned my tongue. I tried a couple of drinks but didn't like the taste, and I can't even stand the smell of beer. Lily didn't reform me from smoking or drinking, but she got me to take vitamins and she got me started lifting weights. She's the healthiest person I know."

After scoring two touchdowns against Vanderbilt in Nashville in 1960, Mason and several teammates went to the Grand Ole Opry, which is like Lu Scala for country music fans. Mason was called to the stage and sang *Cosmo Blues* accompanied by Chet Atkins, the country music recording star. From that moment it has never been entirely out of Mason's head that he might make it as a singer. Last summer, while he was learning karate, playing squash and lifting weights in Long Beach, Calif., he made a record called *All My Love*. On the record Mason sings harmony with himself in a throaty, emotional voice that is much pleasanter to listen to than most of the nonsingers who dominate the teenage record market.

"It's rock 'n' roll," Mason said as he put the record on the phonograph in his apartment in suburban Bloomington, Minn.—with the cities of Minneapolis and St. Paul in perpetual feud, the Viking offices, Metropolitan Stadium and most of the players are located in neutral Bloomington—on the afternoon before the opening game with Baltimore. "I don't ordinarily sing rock 'n' roll. But I'd wear my hair like the Beatles and run around naked if that's what it took to sell records."

Mason, 25, is still a bachelor and has lived alone since his pet monkey, Dutch, died last year. During the afternoon as Viking players and a few airline stewardesses wandered in, Mason sang duets

with Safetyman Charley Britt, who has done acting jobs on the *Ozark* and *Harriet* TV show. Somebody mentioned skin diving and the Bahamas, and it reminded Mason of the island he owns off the coast of British Honduras. Mason and two partners have invested \$130,000 in the island and in 13,000 acres of the mainland of British Honduras, where they grow sugar cane. Mason talked for a while about his island, and then as the visitors drifted off he sat quietly in an armchair and watched duck appear at the sliding glass door.

"I can't keep from thinking about tomorrow," Mason said. "Basically I'm a worrier. I'm my own worst critic. I feel that lifting weights and playing squash has made me a step or two faster than I was last year, and my knee is strong now [he missed two games last season because of a hyperextension when his knee joint was bent the wrong way]. But I can't stand the idea of losing. I'm a very bad loser. I used to sulk when I lost at anything. I want to be better, always be better, always improve. I used to get very nervous before games, too. I think I overdid it. This year I'm trying a new attitude, taking things a little lighter. I tell myself if I fumble,

well, I didn't mean to and forget it. But I don't know if that's going to work."

Ironically, Mason's two fumbles last Sunday led to Chicago touchdowns and also to Mason being led off the field. In the first quarter a fist or elbow got between Mason's helmet and face mask, and he awoke with a black eye. "I lost my peripheral vision," he said later. "The rest of the game I was dizzy and was seeing sparklers." In the fourth quarter Mason was fighting off one tackler from the side when he was hit from behind and fumbled again. That time Mason suffered a hyperextension of the right elbow. Although he is recovering, he may not play against the Rams this week. "Fumbles," he said, "are an occupational hazard."

Bear Quarterback Bill Wade, using audibles to combat the Viking blitz, picked on Viking rookie Corner Back George Rose, playing in place of injured Lee Calland, for three touchdown passes to Johnny Morris. The Bears tried an outside rush to contain Tarkenton's scrambling, but he threw four touchdown passes and kept Minnesota moving. Those five exhibition games look more like omens than matters of no consequence. **END**



Habitually stern, Viking Coach Norm Van Brocklin (left) enjoys light moment with Tommy Mason.

OUT IN FRONT WITH A NEW LOOK

Through a season of unaccustomed struggle against teams they used to brush aside, the Yankees have been sustained by a brash, clowning crew that last week helped them into the league lead by **WILLIAM LEGGETT**



Joe Pepitone kids Phil Linz about famous harmonica incident before turn in batting cage

The note may have been written out of jealousy in June when the Yankees were being swamped in attendance 2 to 1 by the shabby, unneighborly Mets. It may have been written in shame late in August when the Yankees were a third-place team five full games from the league lead. But last week, even though the Yankees looked as if they were on the way to winning their 14th pennant in the last 16 years, the note was still clearly legible on the dirty canvas pad that softens the home team's bench at Yankee Stadium. It reads, "Everybody Loves a Loser."

No Yankee player will step forward and admit he wrote this intriguing message yet one of them did. Several players will gladly come forward now, however, and admit to supplying the sword epithet that has recently been printed below the original text. The true mystery of this note lies not in when it was written, or why or by whom. The mystery is that it was written by a Yankee for other Yankees to see when all Yankees are supposed to be incapable of harboring thoughts of losing.

And the solution to the mystery is that these 1964 Yankees are not the

heroic stars that tradition makes them out to be. In action, the 1964 Yankees have been a phenomenon of collective ineptitude. Their hitting has been bad, their fielding spotty, their base running ragged, their relief pitching brutal. Devout Yankee haters and dedicated Yankee fans alike will admit that since April this team has been playing some very un-Yankeelike baseball.

There were notable signs of improvement last week, but no matter how this year finally ends for the Yankees, it is indisputable that there are some remarkable differences between this and former New York teams. Although vast internal shuffles have brought a new manager, a new general manager, a new road secretary, a new concessionaire and even new owners, the basic difference is that the Yankees have acquired a warm, human image. This has occurred because they have been beaten and forced to scramble hard for victories against teams that former Yankee clubs were able to shrug off.

It has been a new set of Yankees—Jim Bouton, Phil Linz, Joe Pepitone, Al Downing, Mel Stottlemyre, Pedro Ramos—that has been carrying the team

through its late drive, and these Yankees have never been through a pennant drive before. True enough, there is an old Yankee leading the new ones on, trying to ease the pressures, trying to contribute more than he is physically capable of contributing. That, of course, is Mickey Mantle, and he has played this season with a quiet valor that has inspired every member of the team, the new set and the old hands. "The thing about Mantle this year," says Relief Pitcher Steve Hamilton, "is that you know he is playing with injuries that are tremendously painful. It's agony for all of us to watch him stumble in the outfield and try to swing a bat. But in watching him you stop worrying about what's bothering you. You say to yourself, 'He's making \$100,000 a year. He's famous and could retire right now just on his name. If he can do it, I can, too.'"

Mantle's sense of humor also has been a big factor. Time and again it has, by itself, lifted the whole team from mass dejection. "When Mantle says something that he thinks is funny," says Hamilton, "it always is. He wants for the right time. There are many players

on this team with a sharper wit, but when Mickey says something, everybody laughs."

Last week First Baseman Joe Pepitone was standing in the dugout singing *Fu-nu-ah, Fu-nu-ah* in Italian, and Yogi Berra was waving his hands like a conductor. A large group of Yankees stood by watching, and when Pepitone was through singing Yogi leaned back with a contented smile on his face. "Boys," said Mantle, "you have just witnessed the first American performance of the two Japanese Beatles." When Infielder Phil Linz, the man who has done more for the harmonica than anyone since Borzih Mineovich was in the doghouse with Berra as well as General Manager Ralph Houk and Coach Frank Corvetti, it was Mantle who eased his mind about the whole harmonica incident. "Phil," Mantle said, "I read where you played *Mus Had a Little Lamb* after we lost all those games in Chicago. It could have been a lot worse. You could have played *Happy Days Are Here Again*."

These new Yankees act and live differently from the previously accepted Yankee patterns. There is, for example, the matter of the top button on the uniform blouse. If you are a Yankee, that button is supposed to remain unbuttoned, probably because the great Joe DiMaggio always kept his top button open. ("There was no significance or superstition behind it," says DiMaggio, "but if you look through the Yankee team pictures you'll see that it was always unbuttoned. I don't know why I did it.") I look at the top uniform button of the older Yankees today and you will see that Whitey Ford, Mantle, Elston Howard and Roger Maris still follow the tradition. But the new Yankees button that top button.

When Mickey Mantle came up to the Yankees in 1951, he shared an apartment above New York's famous Stage Deli-catessen with teammates Hank Bauer and Johnny Hopp. ("I gave Mantle his first drink," says Bauer. "We had come back from the ball park and I asked him if he would like a drink. I put a bottle down on the table and went to get him a glass. When I looked back he had the bottle right up to his lips glubbing the stuff down. Just like a big farm kid from Oklahoma, I guess.") By contrast, Phil Linz, a Yankee of only three years, shares a four-and-one-half-room penthouse apartment on fashionable Beekman

continued



Jim Bouton's Crazy Guggenbave act apes Frank Fontane's role on Jackie Gleason CBS show.



Late arrival of key man Pedro Ramos (left) and Mel Stottlemyre was in Yankee tradition.

YANKEES continued

Place. Linz's bedroom is decorated in mauve, with subtle touches of periwinkle and contrasts of turquoise and white. The headboard of the king-sized bed is an eight-foot, wrought-iron old Italian arabesque gate. "It's a suhlet," says Linz. "We rented it from Julie Newmar." Among Julie Newmar's credits—aside from 39-39—are a movie called *The Rookie* and the part of Lola in a road company version of *Damn Yankees*.

The newer Yankees have discarded one more cherished tradition. In past years when the press entered the Yankee clubhouse after a losing game most of the players would race from the shower to the off-limits dressing room, dragging their towels behind them. By hiding out they avoided answering embarrassing questions. Today some of the older Yankees still do this, but the new ones stand by their dressing stalls like sentinels and answer all questions. "When I first came to the club," says 25-year-old Jim Bouton, "some of the older players took me aside and advised me to watch out for this sportswriter or that one. I said to heck with that. I'd make up my own

mind. When I began to talk to reporters after games the older guys would walk by me making noises and gestures—indicating that I was a loudmouth. It embarrassed me. I belonged to the team and wanted to be part of it. Now I don't care what anyone says. I don't get on those guys who don't talk to reporters and I don't want anybody on me because I do talk to them. I have as much right as anyone to set the pace."

Bouton, perhaps better than anyone else, can explain what it has been like for these new Yankees as they go through their first pennant fight. "Everyone says," Bouton remarked recently, "that the Yankees should win because they have been through it all before. Well, I haven't been through it and neither have a lot of us. I find myself watching the scoreboard when I'm at the ball park and trying to do things at home like painting and making costume jewelry to keep my mind away from the pressure. I know that there are a lot of guys who say they aren't watching the scoreboard—the older guys. But I know that they are. The day before I pitch a game on the road I go down to the desk clerk in whatever hotel we are stopping at and reserve a single room, so that I can be alone and think about the next day's hitters. I pay for the room myself because I need that time alone. Sometimes, also, I can get mean, being alone like that."

The new Yankee who has had the toughest time in this pennant chase is Joe Pepitone, the first baseman with the Renaissance profile, the tight black street pants and hair of steel wool. While almost every Yankee senses a new feeling of warmth toward the team from the home fans at Yankee Stadium, Pepitone has had his ears blistered by catcalls and boos all season long. Pepitone, admittedly, has made nearly three times as many errors this year as he did last and he now stands 14th defensively among the American League's first basemen. Only Dick (Dr. Strangelove) Stuart of the Boston Red Sox has made more errors than Joe. Nevertheless, Pepitone is bewildered by the roasting he is receiving. "Maybe they are still on me because of the error I made in last year's World Series," he says. Be-

cause the fact is that Pepitone's fielding and batting averages are both deceptive. On defense, he gets to more balls than the majority of first basemen do and thus the chance for error is greater. His .247 batting average means little when you consider that he has knocked in 91 runs, the second highest total on the team.

In recent weeks shy, skinny Mel Stottlemyre has strengthened the pitching rotation tremendously, and the acquisition of Pedro Ramos from Cleveland has made something out of a jumbled bullpen. Stottlemyre has won seven games since he came up from Richmond in early August; his debut is reminiscent of Whitey Ford's in 1950. Ford came to the Yankees early in July of that year. He won nine games and New York won the pennant by three.

Ramos, a 29-year-old Cuban, has dreamed of being a Yankee all his life. He has pitched and won in Washington, Minnesota and Cleveland, gathering a large collection of cowboy suits, cowboy hoots and cowboy hats along the way. Last week when he stopped a late Minnesota rally and saved a game for the Yankees by twice striking out the league's leading hitter, Tony Oliva, he had a fine, un-Yankeelike explanation. "Tony," Ramos said, "is from my home town in Cuba—Pinar Del Rio. I throw him Cuban palm balls. Here they call it spitballs. They are illegal. I call them Cuban palm balls. They are legal. Always I have wanted to pitch for the Yankees. In springs I used to beg Cusey Siengel to trade for Pedro. 'I am fastest runner in all of baseball,' I used to say to old man. 'I have the big bat and I peetch every day for you.' But the old man never come and get me. Jogi Berra did. Jogi Berra remembered Pedro because Jogi Berra used to strike out against Pedro all the time. It is the boyhood dream every time I put on the pretty Yankee uniform. Coming to Yankees is like getting on top of a great horse."

At the end of last week the new Yankees were in first place. Some old Yankees were there also, of course, and also responsible. Mackey Mamie, Elston Howard, Whitey Ford. Old and new—but different. **END**

Testimonials to Mantle's courage are the seven-foot-long elastic tapes with which he must wrap his fragile legs from lower calf to upper thigh every day before playing. They hang beside his uniform in his locker along with assorted knickknacks, including a statue of St. Joseph sent by an admiring fan.



LESS A RACE THAN A GHASTLY ROUT

"The roses have wilted, the days of hope and excitement are things of the past," wrote the yachting correspondent of *The Times* of London in bitter disillusionment last week after one of the worst defeats ever suffered by a British challenger for the America's Cup. "In the hot September sunshine *Sovereign* has been written off as yet another expensive fail-

The British boat is a faint speck on the horizon, and U.S. Helmsman Bob Ehler is understandably unenthusiastic. This is a picture without



ure, and one of the world's great spectacles has entered the realm of farce." "The debacle at Newport," wrote Jack Knights in the *Daily Express*, "is disappointing the victorious Americans even more than it is our routed selves. Those two new \$600,000 yachts *American Eagle* and *Constellation* were built quite needlessly. *Sovereign* could have been

well taken care of by any existing American yacht sailed by a few close friends of the owner. *Sovereign* has let down more than her own team. Our standard of yachting is higher than her performance indicates." "The defeat of *Sovereign*," wrote David Thorpe in the *Daily Telegraph*, "was staggering and humiliating." In contrast to these journalistic

disturbances from overseas was the tone of U.S. yachting writers, who were almost polite as they reported the fiasco that took place off Newport, yet there was scarcely one who did not feel that the whole sport of yacht racing had been in some sense shamed by this one-sided contest. On the next page Carleton Mitchell offers his evaluation of what happened.

precedent taken during the third leg of the third race by a member of the winning crew as "Constellation" sailed home to another easy victory



HOW A TERRIBLE TRUTH BECAME CLEAR

by CARLETON MITCHELL

Before the last spray settled off the Rhode Island coast after the races for the famed America's Cup, a terrible truth had become clear: *Sovereign*, like 15 predecessors from the British Isles, would not go home bearing the grail of yachting on her shield, but prone upon that shield herself.

The challenger had entered the lists confident and unfraught, crimson roses emblazoned on her bow and stern. Her crew was deployed on deck, their red shirts reminiscent of the red coats of an earlier invasion in this same locality. Her blue flanks lifting to the swells, her aluminum mast glinting in the sunshine, *Sovereign* looked a champion. True, a few sharp eyes perceived flaws in her armor—a droopy main boom topped by odd-shaped sails, for instance—but she nonetheless appeared fully capable of giving a stalwart account of herself in combat.

Circling to meet her came the defender, *Constellation*, a white charger tended by men in blue. There was something prophetic in the way her sharp bow sliced through the confused sea—a deadly intimation of power. Her sails might have been hammered from a single sheet of white metal, satin-smooth and curved into near-aerodynamic perfection. On her deck were winches of strange design. Above all, there was an impressive efficiency in the way she responded to the man at her helm, Bob Bavier, through tack and jibe as the encounter was joined.

There were no polite preliminaries. Both contestants were eager to have at each other. Closing at the 10-minute signal before the first race, they circled bow to stern as each awaited an opening. They broke apart briefly and closed on approaching the line with less than a minute to go, *Constellation* on starboard tack. *Sovereign's* helmsman, Peter Scott, tacked ahead, seeking the lee bow position, where his sails would backwind his opponent, but Bavier foiled the maneuver by swinging sharply up to take the weather berth with clear wind.

A long swell—a memento of the offshore passage of hurricane Dora—set across the course on Tuesday. It was crisscrossed by small whitecaps from the moderate west-southwest wind and the wakes of the spectator fleet. The result

was a nasty bobble that seemed to bother *Sovereign* more than *Constellation*. As in the final trials, Olin Stephens' latest creation stopped for nothing, while pointing higher than seemed possible. Within eight minutes after the start the American boat had gained enough to blanket *Sovereign*, forcing Scott to tack. The defender covered and gained on each of several succeeding tacks that were inaugurated by the challenger as the latter struggled to clear her wind. Soon Bavier was so far ahead that he came about at leisure, applying only casual cover against a wind shift.

Still, at this point it could not be said that *Sovereign* was hopelessly outclassed. The margin of one minute 49 seconds at the first weather mark was no worse than many defeats meted out in the American trials, and *Constellation* added only one second in time to her windward lead during the two reaches that followed. The second upwind leg, in a breeze that had lightened, could hardly be considered a fair test. Despite a Coast Guard patrol plan for the course that looked like a battle attack chart, the British boat sailed most of the leg in the wash of the spectator fleet. *Constellation*, in less disturbed water, gained one minute 10 seconds, added another one minute 51 seconds downwind and a modest but decisive 43 seconds on the final beat for a margin of 5 minutes 34 seconds.

It was a bad defeat, and most of the British contingent was stunned. Ever since 1958 the battle cry had been, "There must not be another *Scopet*!" Untold effort had gone into producing not one but two British challengers; they had raced down to the wire as had the American candidates for defense, and it seemed impossible that *Sovereign* could not make a close match of it. Nevertheless there was a ghostly image on the horizon that was not the *Horizon* *Dutchman*. The specter of *Scopet* had risen.

The next day found the fleet back at the buoy waiting for a breeze that never materialized. As a fitting climax to Newport's windless summer, the race committee for the first time in 44 years was forced to call off a race. Overnight a front moved in, and on Thursday a chill south-southwest wind varying between

16 and 20 knots laced the gray sea with whitecaps. With little preliminary sparring, the contestants settled down to business at the starting gun. Both were late, but *Sovereign* was favored by being almost the entire length of the line to windward. Almost immediately, however, *Constellation* began her amazing act of squeezing up from leeward. This remarkable boat points so high that she seems in the process of coming about, yet she simply hangs and keeps going, a track



comparable to the bumblebee flying when the scientists' slide rules say that it cannot.

Sighted from astern, the difference in the sailing angles looked to me like the legs of a long, narrow letter X, with *Constellation* on one leg moving from the lower left to the upper right. *Sovereign* sagging down to cross on the other. It was a bad moment for Peter Scott. As Olin Stephens commented later in a typical understatement, "The ability of *Constellation* to point high puts the helmsman of another boat at a terrible psychological disadvantage, because as soon

as he tries to point with her he's licked." Peter Scott tried, and died. At the end of 15 minutes, the defender not only had crossed the X but was some 20 lengths in the lead.

Those following closely could see a variety of reasons why *Constellation* could go ahead. She sliced through the short, steep seas without pause, almost diving into the next trough, making distance with each rise and fall of her bow. *Sovereign*, in total contrast, lifted her bow to each sea, scooping water which cascaded aft to spill out under the genoa. She seemed to hang frozen in this in-

clined position until the crest rolled under, only to plunge to a stop in the hollow beyond. Meanwhile *Constellation's* flat sails never failed to provide drive, while the fuller sails of the challenger fluttered if she attempted to come high; in addition, the head stay of *Constellation* was perceptibly more rigid, adding to the efficiency of an already better genoa. Capping *Constellation's* superiority, each time *Sovereign* attempted a tacking ducl the defender gained through superior crew work and more powerful winches. "My God, a super *Scepter*!" greeted a watching Londoner as the

continued

Rounding up to a mark, "Sovereign" douses the huge red spinnaker that refused to set properly, particularly in Thursday's confused seas.





At every hobbyharing plunge into the sea "Sovereign's" bow scoops up a cascade of water.

challenger trailed at the first weather mark by 3 minutes 55 seconds.

Bloody but unbowed, *Sovereign* gained a little on the reaching legs, and on the second beat her helmsman, Peter Scott, tried sailing more full, cracking his genoa slightly in a lighter breeze and driving off to nullify the deadly effect of the seas. Although he moved through the water faster than on the first leg, the result was basically the same. *Constellation* continued to eat out, piling up time and distance, although the margin was still in the category of a defeat and not a rout.

It was on the ensuing downwind run that *Sovereign* fell into real disgrace. As *Constellation* rounded the mark she set a small spinnaker that could be kept full in the combination of confused sea and moderate breeze—standard practice on American 12s since 1958. *Sovereign* broke out a huge red bag that could not be kept from collapsing except by holding very high of the course. It was a costly error—7 minutes 7 seconds worth—and the cost was compounded on the final windward leg. Once a mistake is made in match racing, it is almost axiomatic that it grows in magnitude. Now, as the breeze fell still lighter, *Sovereign* had a greater distance to cover after the defender had finished. For 20 minutes 24 seconds *Constellation* and the spectator fleet surrounded the commotoc boat in embarrassed silence while the challenger made her lonely way from almost out of sight to leeward. It was a defeat worse than *Serpene's* two worst defeats added together, the most ghastly rout since *Mayflower* trounced the Scottish challenger *Gowanus* in 1886.

After asking for a day to lick her wounds, *Sovereign* again faced the defender on Saturday in an easterly wind that blew a solid 20 knots, although in the early stages the sea was less rough. Peter Scott took the start by a considerable margin, but it did him no good. In characteristic style, *Constellation* pulled out from leeward, crossed ahead and was gone, to lead at the first mark by the crushing margin of 4 minutes 7 seconds. Thereafter *Sovereign* did better, relatively, despite an unaccountable failure to set a spinnaker on the first reaching leg when the leader was using one to advantage. She held on well during the final two beats, going down finally by 6 minutes 33 seconds to make the series 3-0. The fourth race was never a contest.

continued

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After *Sovereign* crossed the line early and had to go back to restart, *Constellation* took off alone and steadily widened the gap into a crushing finale of 15 minutes 40 seconds.

So now once again in 1964, as in 1958, yachtsmen and landlubbers alike are asking each other in a slightly dazed fashion how it happens that an English challenger could be so woefully out-matched. This time it is universally agreed that the challenge was carefully planned. That a great deal of organizational effort went into it was proved by the task force representing the Royal Thames Yacht Club that has been operating in U.S. waters for much of the summer. Problems were recognized and solutions sought. There was no lack of confidence. In fact, a visiting flag officer was somewhat solicitous of my feelings at a cocktail gathering before the first encounter, suggesting I fortify myself against the prospect of losing the cup in four straight races.

Inevitably the stigma of *Screech* has attached to the current challenger, but I'm not sure the comparison is valid. To me there does not seem to be any single explanation for *Sovereign's* failure to provide the expected competition. A successful boat is a combination of many factors, all interrelated: the hull, the rig, the sails, the deck layout, the gear, the crew and the helmsman. Having had the privilege of sailing aboard both boats last week after watching them over the past few months, I have the feeling that in most or all of these items *Sovereign* fails to come up to the standard of her competitor. Perhaps in some categories she is closer than others, but the sum total can add up large margins over a 24 3-mile course.

Unfortunately, a scapegoat must be provided to explain any disaster, and the choice seems almost equally divided between Helmsman Peter Scott and Designer David Boyd, although there are those who include English sailmakers as a body. It is hard to watch Boyd's *Sovereign* plunge into head seas without thinking of her predecessor from the same drawing board, just as it is impossible not to criticize the man at her wheel for overwhelming when the stern sometimes weaves like a dinghy caught in a squall. Yet the man who should know best does not rate either individual too harshly. "I don't think Peter was steering the boat so badly, any more than I

think David has designed such a bad hull," says Olin Stephens. I agree with Olin and, moreover, I don't think the sails made by Bruce Banks are so bad either, except in direct comparison with what they are up against. But when everything is put together and the weakness in each department of *Sovereign* is contrasted with the strength in her rival, the difference becomes sadly apparent.

Some observers have taken the poor performance of the challenger as a down-right affront to the challenged. "I'm damned mad," snorted a former commodore of the New York Yacht Club. "Here we go to all this trouble and expense, and they come over with such a boat." Others are sympathetic, muttering about the disintegration of the Empire, while still others see the spectacle as detrimental to the whole sport of sailing, occurring as it did right out in plain sight of onlookers and TV cameras.

Perhaps the real trouble is that *Sovereign* is up against too strong a rival.

Constellation's designer modestly rejects the theory that she is a superboat, but many feel that this U.S. cup defender comes as close to being a breakthrough as it is possible to conceive under the stringencies of the 12-meter rule. There can be little question that once again the principal architect of an America's Cup victory is the quiet man with the pencil, Olin Stephens. A boy wonder in 1937 when he collaborated on the design of *Ranger*, he is now a mature genius with an unimpaired freshness of viewpoint. Instead of merely improving on the tested lines of *Vau* and *Columbia*, he made a radical leap into the future. Speaking for Walter Gubelmann and the other syndicate members who made *Constellation* possible, for his brother Rod, Bob Bavier, Eric Rodder and the other men on her deck, Olin summed up the debacle in Newport by saying, "It's too bad for all of us who have put so much into it—we've put in so much that there isn't any contest left." **END**



Weary British Skipper Peter Scott ponders *Sovereign's* defeat at a postrace press conference.

HIPPITY HOP AND AWAY WE GO



Anyone lucky enough—or brave enough—to go on a San Juan rabbit hunt should begin by forgetting all the rules of hunting. Previous experience is a handicap. Marksmanship is unimportant. What the hunter needs is a stiff drink before starting out.

Experienced hunters may find this ad-

vice startling. I myself was surprised when I was introduced to it on a late-summer rabbit hunt on San Juan Island in Puget Sound. But any resemblance between this northwestern sport and other forms of hunting for anything anywhere is purely coincidental.

The hunt was scheduled to start at 10

o'clock at night, an unorthodox hour indeed, but certainly more civilized than the conventional predawn starts to which I was accustomed. There was another advantage—we had ample time to look over San Juan Island before dinner. Ever since leaving Seattle, some 80 miles south, I had been hearing about the innumera-

Rabbits of varied hues run rampant on San Juan Island in Puget Sound, and dedicated hunters with nets chase them in bouncing buggies through the moonlight—and through the looking glass **by VIRGINIA KRAFT**



able rabbits to be seen on San Juan. But when we drove from the biggest town on the island, Friday Harbor (pop. 735), to Roche Harbor on its northern end we did not see a single one.

San Juan is the second largest (\$7 square miles) of a group of 172 islands that stretch like steppingstones from the

mainland of Washington to Vancouver Island and Canada. Salmon abound in the surrounding waters, ducks winter along the black-sand beaches, snow is something that falls somewhere else and Santa Claus arrives each Christmas on a paddle-wheel ferryboat.

Back in 1858 the U.S. and Great Brit-

ain came close to fighting a war over a British pig that was shot on the island by an American settler after it had repeatedly rooted up his potato patch. The settler was named Lyman Cutler, and he offered to pay \$10 for the pig when the British authorities tried to arrest him, but before the controversy ended nine

continued

companies of American infantry and artillery, plus a detachment of engineers, were lined up near Roche Harbor against five British warships with 2,140 men and 167 guns. After facing each other awhile, both sides reached the statesmanlike decision that no pig was worth a war.

Subsequently smugglers made San Juan Island a free port for opium, diamonds, dancing girls, Demerara rum, Chinese coolies, whiskey and wool. At one time the traffic in English wool reached such a volume that the San Juan sheep were considered a natural wonder, producing more wool per head than sheep had ever been known to produce before. The rabbits were a late arrival. During the heyday of the rabbit-fur maul some Belgian hares were imported into the island, and since there were virtually no natural predators and the climate was good and food abundant all year, the result was an incredible number of rabbits.

But as we drove along the roads bordered with green junipers and red-trunk madroña trees, the fabled rabbits were nowhere to be seen. Obviously, this was going to be another of those cases where we should have come last week or next week or when it was warmer or cooler or wetter or drier. And when preparations for the hunt began with a couple of old fashioned nets it seemed simpler to go along with the group. As it turned out, I was glad I did.

A spectacular sunset on Roche Harbor

and Vancouver Island, 10 miles away, brightened the otherwise gloomy outlook when my host, Bill Morrice of Seattle, said, "How about looking over a few rabbits before dinner?" Five minutes later we were driving along the same road we had traveled earlier. The only difference was that it was now dusk.

Bill said, "Ready?"

I said, "Sure," but the skepticism was hard to hide. He swung the car onto a narrow dirt road and cut the speed to 20. It was like touching a match to a Roman candle. Rabbits exploded from one side of the road to the other. They erupted in waves, popping back and forth ahead of us for a good 20 yards. As the car moved forward, new waves shot from the hedge-rows. Brown and gray and spotted and checked rabbits whizzed past each other at dizzying speeds, barely avoiding head-on collisions. Some scooted across the road inches from the wheels. Others seemed to clear the road in a single leap. They hopped, leaped, bounced and bulleted by us with the erratic animation of an early silent movie.

Never had I seen so many rabbits of such spectacular sizes and hues. Six-pounders were average; eight- and ten-pounders were commonplace; some even have gone to 15 pounds. Since most rabbits found elsewhere weigh perhaps two pounds, this was a formidable amount of rabbit jumping across the road. And the size of San Juan rabbits was only the beginning. They came in a

selection of shades and colors that seemed to defy genetic unscrambling.

Bill was still laughing at me when we got back to the marvelous old Hotel De Haro at Roche Harbor for dinner. The hotel was named for Lopez de Haro, one of the first Spanish navigators to explore the islands, and is an old-fashioned building with vine-covered balconies, arbors, gardens and antique furniture. A full moon was just beginning to finger the fields when we set out for The Oaks, three miles south of Friday Harbor, headquarters for Hal Rogers, the island's best known outfitter. Rogers was loading a bunny buggy as we arrived. The bunny buggy is his own creation—not that Detroit would want credit for it. The one we used originally had been a 1950 Dodge sedan. The make is not important, as long as it runs. A manual transmission and a strong frame, however, are important. The body is cut away from the front seat and replaced with a flat wooden platform set between the wheels. A box-like combination seat and rabbit cage is nailed to this platform, leaving an alley between the front seat and the box. The alley doubles as a footwell for the passengers and as a pulpit for the spotter, whose job it is to hang onto the roof with one hand and flash a spotlight around with the other, looking for the darting rabbits.

The driver and the spotter are equally important members of the team on a San Juan rabbit hunt, but the real star of the performance is the hunter. His perch on a bunny buggy is a metal tractor-type seat that juts out in the air alongside the rear wheel. It is rather like the fighting chair of a sport fisherman, except that it is a free-floating automotive fighting chair with nothing underneath it. The hunter sits in one of its slippery twin scoops, with his feet dangling disconcertingly, and braces his weapon for the rabbits which the spotter locates.

This weapon, like everything connected with San Juan rabbit hunts, is no ordinary one. It is a gigantic salmon net, complete with a six-foot handle. Nobody on San Juan seems to remember who first thought of chasing rabbits with these nets, but everyone on the island seems to own one. The handle is about as wily as a two-by-four, and the diameter of the net is easily five feet.

The story is that when the market for rabbit fur vanished, the farmers on San Juan discovered that they could not sell

continued





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RABBITS (continued)

the rabbits, give them away or even eat all that they owned. As they pondered how to get rid of their inventory, the inventory was nonchalantly doubling and tripling itself. (A single doe can produce up to 10 little ones every 30 days throughout the nonwinter months. The babies she has in the spring can make her a grandmother by fall.)

In most parts of the country the normal mortality rate is high enough to keep the rabbit population under control, but when the farmers on San Juan opened their cages they turned their animals loose into a rabbit paradise without animal enemies, with an ideal climate and with choice pasture on the rolling farmlands and in the green woods. During the night the rabbits ate their way through shrubs, bark, grass, gardens, strawberry patches and geranium plants. By day they gathered under hedgerows and hummocks to rest up for another night of feast and flirtation. Shooting and trapping barely made a dent in the burgeoning brood. Finally, in exasperation, the islanders decided that if they could not get rid of the rabbits they could at least have some fun hunting them.

On the porch of Rogers' frame house half a dozen teen-agers in stretch pants were shouting. "Yeah, yeah, yeah!" to the screams of a recorded quartet. An unidentified voice outvolumed both to yell, "Don't forget the coffee!" Rogers, who was walking past us, stopped suddenly and patted his hip, then motioned us aboard the bunny buggy and climbed in behind the wheel. There were 10 of us on our hunt. We cruised through a field while the spotter tried to pick out a rabbit in his light. When the spotter yelled, "Game!" the action began. Rogers threw in the clutch, stepped on the gas, and we were off. This was no air-cushioned ride through the moonlit countryside. When the farmers abandoned these fields they left behind them almost as many rocks, ruts, ditches and drainages as rabbits. At 40 mph any one of them was good for at least a bruise or two.

The rabbit usually takes off as soon as the light picks it up. Sometimes it shoots ahead so fast the spotter loses it, and sometimes it gets away by ducking into a hole or under a brush pile. Most of the time, however, the rabbit sprints straight ahead, then swings into a wide circle. The buggy goes breakneck along behind until it catches up with the rabbit or cuts off its escape. At this point

(continued)



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RABBITS *continued*

the hunter, brandishing his salmon net—or staggering under it—leaps from the still-moving buggy and drops the net over the rabbit.

At least, that is the way it is supposed to be done. I found the theory had a tendency to break down, however, when I practiced it. Sometimes a hunter may bounce out of his fighting chair even before a rabbit is sighted and the chase is under way. A good many passengers are lost this way. It is a split-second game. When the rabbit call is sounded, there is no time to check everyone's handhold. The more people there are aboard, the more likely one is to bounce off. But, then, staying on the buggy is part of the challenge of the hunt.

So is staying in the hunter's fighting seat. The jump-off itself, when the net is to be dropped over the rabbit, is merely the climax of these hazards. Between the bouncing of the buggy and the unbalancing weight of the salmon net, tremendous coordination is required to make the landing safely. A really skilled jumper hits the ground at full stride and keeps right on moving forward. The novice simply relaxes his death grip on whatever part of the buggy he has been anchored to and falls off, hoping to land on his feet.

Once on the ground, the hunter is faced with the problem of using the net. The simplest way is to tuck the end of the handle under the armpit for leverage, put both hands as far forward as possible on the handle so the net can be held high and run the final distance to the rabbit. As soon as the rabbit is overtaken, the net is snapped down fast. If everything goes right, the rabbit is trapped inside. Usually, however, the hunter winds up flat on his face.

Partly it is a question of lead. It is not enough to center the net directly over the rabbit. By the time you slam the net down, the rabbit is six feet ahead of where he was. Then there is the tricky footwork involved. If the hunter stops running in order to slam down the net, he probably will bring it down canted in such a way that the rabbit escapes under one side. On the other hand, if he does not stop running the moment it hits the ground, the weight of the net will drag him down with it.

Often during the hunt Rogers would whip out his flask and call for a coffee break. There are an unlimited number of coffee breaks on a San Juan rabbit

continued



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Few men know more about game and guns than this famous professional hunter, whom we chose to lead our safari. We wanted his straight-from-the-shoulder opinion.



First shot Ommanney made with the new 1200 bagged this spur fowl—at 55 yards. In Tanganyika, game birds are plentiful, daily limits liberal. Both new shotguns got a real workout.



Loading is easy, though automatic shotguns are tightly controlled in Africa. Conservation laws limit you to one shell in the chamber and no more than two in the magazine.



Only shot shells used were our new plastic Super-Speed and Super-X "compression-formed" Mark 5's. "I never saw shells made like these, or that shoot so hard," said David.



Waiting in blind for sand grouse Ommanney is about to load his 1200. This new slide-action shotgun costs \$96. You pay a bit more, of course, for the new 1400 automatic: \$134.95.



Soon after dawn, the action was fast and furious—as hundreds of flights of sand grouse came barreling in to drink. Here, Ommanney gets in the swing with his 1400.



These sand grouse and doves took some stopping. The sure way our new shotguns and shells dropped them at long range—cleanly and consistently—was just the proof we needed.



New feature on both guns is this front-loading, rotary bolt head, not found on any other shotgun. Its 4 lugs lock directly into the barrel, give you vault-right breeching.



For teamwork that can't miss, try using our new plastic Mark 5's with either of these shotguns. All did so well on safari that Ommanney called their performance "smashing."

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hunt. As the night wears on and the flask wears low, the rabbits all get bigger and slower, the net gets lighter, the ground gets closer, the company gets funnier and even the ride gets smoother. But above all esthetic considerations, the San Juan coffee break has true medicinal value, particularly of a preventive nature.

"It's a real safety measure," Hal Rogers said. "You get a hunter out here who is all tense and tight and the next thing you know, we hit a little bump and he's broke an arm. You've got to relax in this sport; take it real loose and easy. Give that same man a couple of coffee breaks to relax him good, and he won't even notice if he bounces off the buggy. And let's face it," Rogers added thoughtfully, "if you are really serious about chasing rabbits, you're going to be bounced off sooner or later."

Later, I learned, is definitely preferable. By that time there had been about half a dozen coffee breaks. We had netted and stowed away 50-odd rabbits, which was about one-fifth the number we had chased, and we had each been at the net several times. Rogers' teenage daughter was spotting. Just as we turned into a new field she shouted, "There, Daddy!" Rogers stepped on the gas, and the buggy leaped forward. Suddenly there was a tremendous thud.

The next thing I knew I was shooting straight up into the air. The trip down was even breakier. Through a shower of comic-strip stars (the kind I use to credit to the artist's imagination) I surveyed the wreckage. The bumpy buggy was nose down in a three-foot ditch. Its headlights sent a feeble white beam up out of the black cavity, and its rear wheels spun lopsidedly in the air. A flood of rabbits poured from a broken cage and tumbled in wild and furry confusion over me as I hung on the hunting seat.

There were bodies pecking themselves up from the ground all around and hasty tooth, bone and bottle checks. The only breakage turned out to be a fifth of Old Grand-Dad.

The debacle, it seemed, was all caused by an innocent misunderstanding. When Rogers' daughter shouted, "There, Daddy!" she meant the ditch spotlighted dead ahead. To Rogers the call meant game. He responded as any good rabbit driver would. He hit the gas pedal hard and away we went. The buggy was

continued

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RABBITS

roaring 40 mph when it hit the ditch.

Harly Kruger, a young executive from Olympia, Wash., had been sitting in the hunting seat when the buggy and disaster struck. He was launched skyward from this precarious perch with the velocity of a *Friendship VII* after countdown. There was now no sign of him or the net anywhere. This was doubly remarkable because Kruger, a former University of Idaho basketball star, is 6 feet 7 inches, weighs 260 pounds and is much too big to lose sight of, especially on a moonlit night.

We spread out over the darkness, stumbling and calling his name. A muffled cry came from the depths of the ditch. Kruger was wedged into it so com-



pletely that only his long legs were visible. They projected into the sky like twin TV antennas in a prairie town. It took another coffee break and the disorganized efforts of the entire party to disengage him.

"That Kruger has a real talent for rabbit hunting," Rogers said admiringly, as we limped home. "He sure knows the secret of hunting loose and easy. Now, you bounce some other feller into a ditch like that and he'd get real banged up."

The prairie was evidently too much for Kruger. He was speechless the rest of the evening. None of us did much talking. We just looked at the moon and now and again gently giggled.

END

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Was this Avis ad just another Madison Ave. gimmick?

**Avis is only No.2
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So why go with us?**



We try harder.
(When you're not the biggest,
you have to.)

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trays. Or half-empty gas tanks. Or
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Or low tires. Or anything less than

seat-adjusters that adjust. Heaters that heat. Defrost-
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Obviously, the thing we try hardest for is just to be
nice. To start you out with a new car, like a lively,
super-torque Ford, and a pleasant smile. To know, say,
where you get a pastrami sandwich in Des Moines.

Why?

Because we can't afford to take you for granted.
Go with us next time.

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Yes, it was.

And it worked.

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We said a company that was
only No.2 in rent a cars would try
harder for them.

They bought every word.

They came in expecting all of
the things we promised: clean
ashtrays, filled gas tanks, wipers
that wiped, smiles that weren't

painted on and shiny new Fords.

Most of them weren't disappointed. They've been coming
back. Often. With friends.

You can't do that with a gimmick.

Unless it's the slickest gimmick of all.

The truth.



BRIDGE / Charles Goren

No Jack Dalton to save the day

In most bridge games nobody likes a Jack Dalton. For the benefit of younger readers, the stalwart Dalton was a fictional hero of some years back who invariably turned up at the scene of desperation in the nick of time, shouting: "Jack Dalton to the rescue." But unwise bridge rescues often cost heavily. It is usually less expensive to let your partner extricate himself, if he feels it is necessary. But not always.

The following hand occurred in the final match of the Masters Knockout Team championship in Toronto. It was an all-Canadian final between the heavily favored team of Eric Murray and the Cinderella group of Bruce Gowdy. Murray won, but it was a close match until the last board. Indeed, the result might have gone the other way if Gowdy had emulated Jack Dalton on this hand.

Both sides vulnerable
South dealer



SOUTH (Eric Murray)	WEST (Arthur)	NORTH (Gowdy)	EAST (Murray)
3 ♠	PASS	PASS	DOUBLE
PASS	PASS	1	

It is my own guiding principle that when I am surely going to lose a lot of points anyway, I am willing to risk losing a few more in the hopes of being able to better a bad bargain. It is fairly certain that North-South is going to absorb heavy punishment at two diamonds doubled. If partner cannot stomach three clubs and must return to three diamonds, the extra 300 points lost probably will not greatly increase the number of International Match Points the opponents will collect. So, had I been North, I would have bid three clubs and, in this instance, been lucky enough to find partner with good support.

Let me compliment Murray's guts in doubling the two-diamond bid for a takeout and Kehela's judgment in converting this into a penalty double by passing. Four hearts would be very hard to bring home and, in any case, East-West's keen defense collected more than the value of a vulnerable game.

West led a club, which East ruffed. Murray returned ace and queen of hearts, and Kehela overlooked in order to give East a second club ruff. South ruffed the third heart and made a fine play when he led the diamond king, losing to the ace but pinning East's queen. Kehela countered by leading the king of spades. Had South let this hold, he would have spiked Kehela's gambit, but he won with dummy's ace and returned to his hand with a club. The pick of diamonds was cashed and the 9 led to force West's 10. Now Kehela was able to put Murray in with the queen of spades, and a spade continuation provided a classic trump promotion. West was down to the lone 6 of trumps, but he was bound to take a trick with it when the spade lead came winging through the declarer, whose trumps were now headed by the 7. South was down three tricks for a whopping loss of 800 points.

At the other table the North player for the Murray team opened with one club and, after a spirited competitive auction, played at four clubs doubled. This was down one for a net of 600, or 12 IMPs, to Murray.

EXTRA TRICK

Most of the time you will lose points by rescuing your partner. But, when the situation is so desperate it can scarcely be worse, it is worth risking another 200 or 300 in order to try to find a safer landing place.

END



1965—THE YEAR OF THE QUICK WIDE-TRACKS



Who needs all that new car talk with a new car like this?

Pontiac Grand Prix

An unusual swing helps solve an unusual difficulty



Illustration by Peter J. Cook

When you are faced with a buried lie in a sand trap and a pin placed close to the near edge of the green you have a complex problem. A shot from such a lie usually will not have much backspin, so how can you stop the ball close to the hole? The solution is to "pop" the ball out. Normally, for a shot from a buried lie you would close the club face, but in this case you must open the club face wide. Then start the backswing with a very early wrist break. This brings the club head back on a steep, upright plane. A steep backswing naturally sets up a steep downswing. As the club head comes down into the impact area the right hand must completely dominate the swing. Because an open-faced club ordinarily tends to bounce off sand instead of digging into it, the right hand must drive the club head down into the sand with a sort of slicing action. Aim to have the club head enter the sand as close behind the ball as possible while still getting under it. The ball should pop right out, and have more backspin than the conventional sweeping type of explosion shot.

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The club face is kept open, as yellow triangle shows above, instead of closed (dotted lines). Yellow line shows how swing is very upright compared to normal explosion (dotted lines).



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Or will you be rewarded with a smile that's as pearls as the tip of your Tiparillo?

Well, there's only one way to find out.



Tiparillo

by Robt Burns



A nightmarish ending for Spook Murphy's dream

Coch Murphy and his Memphis State Tigers thought they could upset Mississippi, but the Rebels put them right in their tank

After unknown Memphis State had powerful Ole Miss 0-0 last year it was no longer true that the most exciting activity around Memphis was watching the ducks float in the marble fountain with the artificial gladiolus on top in the lobby of the Hotel Peabody. The thing to do was to whoop it up for Memphis State and to believe Coach Spook Murphy when he said his Tigers would beat Mississippi this year. "If we don't," said Spook, "there ain't a cotton picker in Mississippi." Last Saturday

more than 15,000 Memphis State whoopers followed Spook to Oxford, Miss. for the big day, surviving a 24-car collision on Interstate Highway 55, a severe parking and hiking problem on the Ole Miss campus and 93° heat. When the game was over Ole Miss had won by the nightmarish score of 30-0 and Spook's friends headed home to watch the ducks.

It was quickly apparent that Ole Miss has another of those teams—faster, bigger and deeper than many of Coach Johnny Vaught's fine ones in the past,

The Rebels scored on the fourth play of the game, when a lot of people were still trudging down the hill from the statue of the Confederate soldier. Quarterback Jim Weatherly threw a pass in the Memphis State end zone to Halfback Billy Clay. Two hours later, on the last play of the game, Ole Miss was again on the Memphis State goal line, fumbling away what should have been another touchdown.

In between, Ole Miss pounded out 439 yards passing and running, held Memphis State to a mere 36 and aggressively forced the stunned, jittery visitors into eight fumbles. In fact, the only element of suspense during the long afternoon was whether or not State could make a first down. With two minutes and 56 seconds left in the third quarter, they finally did so, winning a few well-seattered cheers from Memphis people filing out of Hemingway Stadium.

Unfortunately for Memphis State, it was a football-wise audience, one that included Coach Weeb Ewbank and Assistant Coach Chuck Knox of the New York Jets and Talent Scouts Pat Peppler of the Green Bay Packers, Don Klosterman of the Kansas City Chiefs, Harley Sewell of the Los Angeles Rams, Red Eltinger of the Houston Oilers and Charlie Flowers of the San Diego Chargers. Elroy Hirsch of the Rams was lucky. He left the day before the game after watching Memphis State in workouts.

Like most of the enthusiasts, the pros believed they were going to see an epic contest between two teams loaded with prospects. Memphis State had at least four, led by 275-pound Tackle Harry Schuh. Ole Miss certainly would have some; it always does. Before the kickoff the Rams' Sewell said, "You like to see quality go against quality."

Most of the prospects the pros saw turned out to be from Ole Miss. Quarterback Weatherly, for one. Weatherly sprinted the Memphis State ends with ease and completed 14 out of 22 passes. There were other standouts, too. End Allen Brown caught passes in midair, with Tigers glancing off him, and Guard Stan Handman sometimes smothered Memphis State's quarterbacks before they could fumble.

Nothing had happened during the days before the game to give Spook Murphy the slightest suspicion that a crushing defeat lay ahead. There had been a couple of uninspired workouts, sure. On Wednesday, for example, the Tigers looked so bad the coach had to



QUARTERBACK JIM WEATHERLY OF OLE MISS GAINS YARDAGE AROUND STATE'S END

say, "Just get outa my sight." But on Thursday, Memphis State was sharp again, and Spook, a tall man with a booming voice, was cheerful and confident. Driving through the narrow, shaded streets of the Memphis State campus, Spook almost had a minor collision with one of his assistant coaches. "By dog," he said, "you can tell we're gettin' near game time, because my coaches are stoppin' on green and goin' on red. Well, the hys in the burn now, anyhow. Nothin' to do but wait."

He seemed to enjoy relaxing and waiting in the athletic dormitory, a new one with a color television set, and discussing his personnel—and that of Ole Miss. "Now you take old Brooks, our end," said Murphy. "He's a big one [6 feet 5, 240], but he's also got some mean in him. Yes sir. He's about half mean." About Hindman, the Rebels' best lineman, Spook said, "That boy is somethin' else. Man, when he lays his ears back he's about half gazelle. You don't find big old boys who run like him."

Nor did it disturb Murphy to talk about the curious fact that most of Memphis State's players come from such quaint southern strongholds as Oak Park, Ill. and Feasterville, Pa. Memphis State had two starters from Illinois, two from Pennsylvania, two from Missouri and one from New Jersey. "You know what?" said Spook. "Those old boys like it down heah. Why, they get taken into our fine homes and get in this fine, warm climate and they like it." Spook grinned and said, "Of course, now, we got some, too, who came because their coaches phoned me up and said come get 'em."

One such player is Quarterback Ole Cordill. Spook acquired him from the University of Southwestern Louisiana in Lafayette because Cordill, the son of a former star at Rice, admittedly could not "get along" with the coaches at the Louisiana school. "Just a personality clash, so to speak," said Murphy. "Wish he'd send me more like him. That boy can kick [his kicking against Ole Miss was Spook's only weapon] and do some other things, too."

Talk was one of them. Cordill was relaxed and confident before the Ole Miss journey. "We've had some family feuds out there on the practice field," he said, "but that's good for you. I know one thing. We've got one of the best teams in the nation. Last year we didn't really think we had a chance to beat Ole Miss until after we had tied the game and knew we were better than they

were. This year we know it for sure."

Mississippi knew no such thing. The team's attitude before the game was serious, almost grim. The players regarded last year's tie as an insult, and in an effort to atone for it they practiced last week in strict privacy. Reporters, photographers, students—all were banned from Mississippi's workouts.

Drawn by the prospect of a bitter rematch, people began arriving on the Mississippi campus at 9 o'clock in the morning and parked in the Grove, a pleasant little park surrounded by buildings in the center of the campus. Men rained the trunks of the cars and lifted out folding chairs, hammocks, tables, quilts and iceboxes. Women removed huge baskets of fried chicken and sandwiches. Children romped through the trees. Couples played bridge at the tables, read newspapers and magazines. Some slept as they waited for the game. Some listened to the noises of the traffic confusion and wondered if the police were drinking coffee in the school cafeteria. Several were.

Meanwhile Ole Miss Publicity Director Billy Gates worked hectically to find passes for the pro scouts to get through the gates of the stadium. There were just no tickets remaining. As Gates

worked out the problem, one man asked how Ole Miss, a big school, really felt—really—about having Memphis State as an opponent?

Gates, his shirt unbuttoned, his brow moist and the phone ringing, studied the question carefully and chose a word. "Crummy," he said.

As the game began and Spook Murphy's sweet dreams quickly turned sour, the pro scouts did not have to struggle very hard for explanations of why it was happening.

"Memphis State is so jittery," said Don Klosterman of the Chiefs. "The Ole Miss defense gives 'em the off-tackle, but they don't take it. They're sure tight. Woodfield, their linebacker, is a good one, though. He's staying after them. Even if you're as good as Ole Miss you can't win unless you take it to them."

Charlie Flowers of the Chargers, a former Ole Miss All-America, had the simplest explanation. "This is the best Ole Miss team I've ever seen," he said.

Although dazed by the quickness and the thoroughness of his team's defeat, Spook Murphy was equal to the occasion. "We thought we were movin' into the big time," he said, "but it looks like we're gonna have to tread water for a while."

FOOTBALL'S WEEK

by MERVIN HYMAN

THE SOUTH

THE TOP THREE: 1. AUBURN (1-0) 2. MISSISSIPPI (1-0) 3. ALABAMA (1-0)

While Ole Miss was squashing Memphis State, Auburn was whipping Houston by the same score, 30-0. The poor Cougars never had a chance. Quarterback Jimmy Sidle and Halfback Tucker Fredrickson bushwhacked them with indecorous roll-outs and lusty charges through the line. Houston's feeble attempts to move the ball were swallowed up by a thunderous Auburn defense, led by Linebackers Fredrickson and Bill Cody. Even so, Coach Shug Jordan found something to grouse about. Auburn's passing, he said, could have been better. TENNESSEE, a skimpy 10-6 winner over Chattanooga and Auburn's next opponent, will be sorry to learn that Jordan plans to work on that "weak" passing attack.

ALABAMA's Bear Bryant was delighted with his team. The Bear even managed a small grin as Quarterback Joe Namath, who never used to roll out much, scattered Georgia with his passes (16 for 21) and ran around

them for three touchdowns as 'Bama won easily, 31-3. LSU's Charlie McClendon was pleased, too. He sprang a swinging (for LSU) pro-style flanker T on Texas A&M, and Quarterback Pat Screen threw to Flanker Doug Moreau six times for 101 yards. But, in truth, it was LSU's overtime resourcefulness that beat the stubborn Aggies 9-6. Tackle Mackey Cox blocked an A&M punt in the end zone, and Moreau left-footed a 34-yard field goal.

While SMU was busy keying its double monster defense to Florida's Fullback Larry Dupree, Halfback Jack Harper ran 56 yards with a pass to set up one touchdown and returned a punt 80 yards for another as Florida romped 26-8. Meanwhile, KENTUCKY and GEORGIA TECH had problems. Kentucky splattered fumbles all over Stoll Field, and only some fancy fying by Halfback Rodger Reid saved a 13-6 win over Detroit. Tech was hard-pressed to get by Vanderbilt 14-2.

For a while it looked like OKLAHOMA was going to be beaten by a Chilian soccer player. Bernardo Branson, a Maryland sopho-

continued



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COLLEGE FOOTBALL continued

more, side-kicked a 22-yard field goal early in the fourth quarter to put the Terps ahead 3-0. Then, with 4½ minutes to play, the landlocked Sooners struck. Third-string Quarterback John Hammond, pinned back on his own 10-yard line, found Halfback Lance Kentzel free on the 45 and hit him with a pass. Kentzel went all the way for a touchdown. Oklahoma scored again to win 13-3.

It was an upsetting day in the Atlantic Coast Conference. A two-point gamble by North Carolina in the last minute failed, and the Tar Heels fell to NORTH CAROLINA STATE 14-13. Duke was luckier. The Blue Devils gladly settled for a 9-9 tie when SOUTH CAROLINA'S Jack McCathern kicked a 30-yard field goal with 1:30 to go. Wake Forest, with an ac-customed aplomb, survived a record-break-

THE BEST

BACK OF THE WEEK: Army Quarterback Rolfe Stuehweh had his finest day against The Citadel. He ran back a punt 73 yards for one touchdown, then romped 29 and 93 yards for two more scores, gaining 216 yards.

LINEMAN OF THE WEEK: Dick Pratt, 265-pound Kansas guard, forced the fumble that saved a 7-3 win over TCU, was in on seven other tackles and made the Jayhawk off-tackle plays go with his lassy blocking.

ing spree by Virginia sophomore Quarterback Bob Davis (334 yards running and passing) to shock the Cavaliers 31-21.

Miami, without George Mira, was like a jet without a wing. FLORIDA STATE'S Steve Tenu and Fred Biletnikoff teamed up for two touchdown passes and a 14-0 win over the played-out Hurricanes. After the game Biletnikoff rushed across the field and began snatching younger brother Bob's forehead with a towel. Little brother needed it. He had just played his first game as Miami's quarterback and had spent the night burned under eager FSU defenders.

THE EAST

THE TOP THREE: 1. NAVY (1-0)
2. ARMY (1-0) 3. BOSTON COLLEGE (1-0)

Penn State's Rip Engle had figured out a way to stop NAVY'S Roger Staubach. He instructed his ends to keep Staubach made, and he blitzed a linebacker to further harass him. It worked. Staubach was held to five pass completions and 30 yards in total offense. But what Engle did not count on was Navy's excellent defense ("the strongest physically I've seen in years"). Navy turned two pass interceptions, one a 58-yard return by Halfback Duncan Ingraham, and a Penn State fumble into three touchdowns and won 21-8. "The worst game I've ever played," brooded Staubach, "but I wasn't really needed, was I?"

It did not take very long for Syracuse's precision ranking to drop. Despite some

continued

THE YOUNG MAN IN THE KNOW: WHAT HE'S WEARING THIS FALL



He likes quilted nylon ski jackets. "Dacron"® 88 makes them light, warm.

Ski jackets are the jackets, according to Du Pont's 3rd Annual College/Career Fashion Conference. And here are two standouts with authentic "pro" styling. (Note the collars which zip open to release hoods.) They're 100%

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He likes bold, brushed cardigans of light, warm "Orlon"® and mohair

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excellent running by Quarterback Walley Mahle, Fullback Jim Nance and Halfback Floyd Little, the Orange was ready to settle for a 14-14 tie with Boston College with only nine seconds to play. But not BC. With fourth and two on his own 45, Quarterback Larry Mazzetti, rolling right, spotted End Bill Cronin on the 15 with Syracuse defenders Charlie Brown and Ted Holman draped over him. He threw anyway. Cronin leaped and caught the ball and—as Holman and Brown collided—raced into the end zone. So BC had the ball game, 21-14.

ARMY had an easier time. The big Cadet blockers flustered every Citadel tackler in sight, breaking Quarterback Rollie Stichweh loose on three long touchdown runs. Sophomore Tailback Fred Barofsky went on a 71-yard sprint the first time he earned, and Army buried the southerners, 34-0.

BUFFALO Quarterback Don Gillbert passed for two touchdowns as the Bulls stopped Boston U. 35-0. MASSACHUSETTS had Coach Vic Fusin tearing it his scalp before the Redmen squeezed past Maine 6-0.

THE MIDWEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. ILLINOIS (3-0)
2. OKLAHOMA (1-0) 3. OHIO STATE (4-0)

KANSAS scraped by Texas Christian 7-3 in a game won with a missed hand-off and saved by a fumble. With the Jewhaws on the TCU 14 early in the second quarter, Halfback Willie Ray Smith tried to give the ball to Gale Sayers and missed. Smith sighed, shrugged and juggled the ball over himself. Later, with 20 seconds to go and TCU on the Kansas one-yard line, Frog Quarterback Randy Howard called a sneak. Howard and Jeyhawk Guard Dick Pratt collided on the goal line. Kansas Coach Jack Mitchell was unable to look, but not Pratt. "All of a sudden, there the ball was," said the 6-foot-1 265-pounder. "I grabbed it and ran. I must have made at least an inch." That was enough. Kansas had the ball and the game.

NORTHWESTERN beat Oregon State 7-3, no thanks to its receivers. Tom Myers put 21 of his 23 passes on target, but only 11 were caught. Myers, however, completed six of eight for 60 yards and picked up 10 more in penalties by calling quick snaps while Oregon State was wildcatting as Northwestern went 95 yards for a touchdown. The Wildcats' defense was better. In the second half, rushes led by End Pat Riley misled Oregon quarterbacks for 96 yards in losses and left the Beavers with a net loss of 12 yards for the game.

WISCONSIN needed the insurance touchdown it scored when it fumbled into the end zone in order to fight off Kansas State 17-7. IOWA STATE beat Drake 25-0 and NEBRASKA crushed South Dakota 56-0.

Mid-American power BOWLING GREEN ran Coach Doyt Perry's nonconference record to 28-1 by downing Southern Illinois

35-12, and WESTERN MICHIGAN upset Louisville 10-7, but other league mates suffered ignominy. MIAMI was tied 7-7 by XAVIER, Marshall lost to MOREHEAD 6-0 and Toledo got a 22-6 whacking from VILLANOVA.

THE SOUTHWEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. TEXAS (3-0)
2. MICHIGAN (1-0) 3. TEXAS TECH (1-0)

"Before you leave, take a close, hard look. Otherwise you're likely to be embarrassed." That was the warning TEXAS Tech Coach J. T. King issued to sportswriters when they came to Lubbock on their annual tour of the Southwest Conference. Last Saturday night it was favored Mississippi State who was embarrassed. State expected Tech Halfback Donny Anderson to slash at the tackles and Fullback Jim Zankos to hammer the middle—and they did, for 140 yards. But King had a couple of rare surprises for the visitors. Tom Wilson, a shifty new quarterback, completed seven passes for 127 yards. Place-Kicker Ken Gill booted a 51-yard field goal and Tech upset State, 21-7.

TEXAS was up to its old tricks against Tulane. The very first time the single-minded Longhorns got the ball, they pushed back the green Green Wave 72 yards in 17 plays. Halfback Ernie Koy scoring from the one. Koy did it again in the third quarter and Texas went on to win, 31-0, its 12th straight.

ARKANSAS Coach Frank Broyles long ago gave up the idea that his Razorbacks could overpower anyone. He just wants them "to sting people." Quarterback Billy Gray, who was supposed to be "demoted" to defense, had a sharp needle ready for tough Oklahoma State. His slick running and passing led Arkansas to victory, 14-10.

OHIO U. barely made it past West Texas State 16-14, and NORTH TEXAS STATE and TEXAS WESTERN played to a scoreless tie.

THE WEST

THE TOP THREE: 1. UCG (3-0)
2. AIR FORCE (1-0) 3. CALIFORNIA (1-0)

For the second straight year AIR FORCE upset Washington on a Bart Holiday field goal, winning 3-2. The highly rated Huskies collected nothing but fumbles, frustrations and penalties for themselves. Even the safety was a deliberate gift by Air Force after holding Washington on the one-yard line with time running out.

UC's Mike Garrett, never stopped by fewer than two tacklers, scored 20 points in the first half against Colorado before USC let up, took out Garrett & Co. and coasted to a 21-0 victory. In its 23 allotted minutes the first string thoroughly cowed the Buffalo. Garrett gained 127 yards. Quarterback Carl Fertig completed five of 11 passes for 89 yards and Fullback Ron Heller carried 12 times for an average of 6.8 yards.

Fooling Missouri with running and defense and scoring the first two times it got the ball, rebuilt CALIFORNIA dismantled Missouri 21-14. After Jim Bakeney swept 13 yards for a touchdown, Quarterback Craig Morton hit Flanker Jerry Mosher on a 26-yard scoring pass and grammar-schoolmate Jack Schrab for an 18-yard score. WASHINGTON STATE upset Stanford 29-23 behind Quarterback Tom Roth, and the OREGON Webfoots waddled past BYU, 20-13.

New Mexico has won two WAC titles without beating the utterly unimpressed UTahites, and if the Lobos are to win a third it will have to be the same way. Utah pulverized them 16-0—and 401 yards to 119. ARIZONA STATE Quarterback John Torok struck 10, 21 and 57 yards for touchdown passes as the Sun Devils unexpectedly dazed Utah State 24-8. WYOMING crushed Colorado State 31-7.

SATURDAY'S TOUGH ONES

Auburn over Tennessee. Auburn has too many talented runners for the Vols.

North Carolina over Michigan State. State lacks speed. Carolina has it.

Oklahoma over USC. USC is quick and tricky, but Oklahoma is stronger in the line.

Notre Dame over Wisconsin. But Notre Dame will have to stop Wisconsin's passes.

Kansas over Syracuse. Syracuse can match Kansas in the backfield, but not up front.

Massachusetts over Harvard. Harvard is not ready for the tough Redmen.

LSU over Rice. The Owls, good as they are, cannot stop off those LSU bucks.

Hawaii over California. The rough Hieni line will rush Cal's Morton all day.

Pitt over Oregon. Pitt's Mazurek can do more with a football than Oregon's Berry.

Washington over Baylor. The Husky ground game will prove better than Baylor's passing.

OTHER GAMES

ARMY OVER SOUTHERN COLLEGE
DUKE OVER VIRGINIA
FLORIDA OVER MISSISSIPPI STATE
FLORIDA STATE OVER TCU
INDIANA OVER NORTHWESTERN
MISSISSIPPI OVER KENTUCKY
MISSOURI OVER MISSOURI
OHIO U. OVER PURDUE
OHIO STATE OVER ERU
PENN STATE OVER UCLA

LAST WEEK'S PREDICTIONS

6 RIGHT, 11 WRONG, 1 TIE



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GOLF / Alfred Wright

The Saint gets revenge on King Tut

Some West Virginia old folk carry their long-standing rivalry into the finals of the National Amateur

The 1964 U.S. Amateur Championship, which was played last week along the handsome, rolling fairways of the Canterbury Golf Club on the outskirts of Cleveland, was a source of considerable joy for oldtimers and sentimentalists. It was the 21st time that Bill Campbell, the winner, had essayed the championship and the eighth time for Ed Tutwiler, the 45-year-old runner-up, who is Campbell's senior by four years. As these two old codgers—or so they had seemed to most of the other 148 contestants—walked wearily through the last nine of their oh-so-close 36-hole final match on Saturday, middle-aged spectators were smiling happily at one another, buoyed by this demonstration that their own generation could still show the young that shots a cool shot or two. It was as if the twist and the Beatles had never happened, and one could almost hear Benny Goodman and Glenn Miller playing background music.

As it well should have been, the final was a match of real drama. Campbell and Tutwiler are both West Virginians, having been raised in the rival towns of Huntington and Charleston. In 1939, when Ed Tutwiler was attending Lawrenceville School, he won the Eastern Interscholastic championship. Bill Campbell won it two years later while a student at Phillips Exeter. During the past 25 years, Tutwiler has won the West Virginia Amateur championship 11 times and Campbell seven. They had played each other seven times in the finals of that tournament, with the easygoing Tut the king of the series, winning six. Now, with that rivalry as a backdrop,

they came last Saturday to the pinnacles of their golfing careers just about when they should have been sunning themselves on some Southern front porch and regaling their progeny with stories of glorious days long gone.

Yet two perennial adversaries could not be more different if one had been born in Kabul and the other in Kalamazoo. Bill Campbell is 6 feet 4, and just as broad-shouldered and lean as he was when he used to swim breaststroke for Princeton. Tutwiler is a 6-footer, too, but middle age and good living have spread his waistline and added chins and etchings to his bulging face. Campbell is utterly serious. A prosperous insurance man, he has served in his state's legislature and devotes considerable time to civic enterprises. Among some of the younger amateurs he is known as *The Saint*, for he has never accepted so much as a free golf ball from manufacturers.

Tutwiler, on the other hand, is as carefree as a sideman in a jazz combo, having modeled himself after the West Virginia golfer, Sam Snead. Tut likes to refer to himself as "This ol' halibully," and he carries on a ceaseless line of chatter with the gallery throughout even the tensest moments of a match. "Don't move, I'll bend it around you," he called to spectators who were standing in the way of a shot he was about to hit one afternoon. Playing one of the countless balls he had hit into the woods during the final, he said to the gallery, "Hell, you ain't in my way. Ah'm in yours."

Of the two men, Campbell is far and away the more polished golfer.

a continued



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GOLF continued

of a lovely, upright swing, he has captured the Walker Cup team, won the North and South Amateur three times, and (in 1949) reached the semifinals of the U.S. Amateur. Even though Tutwiler has made something of a career out of beating Bill Campbell, his tournament laurels have been confined largely to his home state. Now a Cadillac dealer in Indianapolis, he is pretty much a week-end golfer and his swing is a triumph of determination over style.

The golf that was played by these two antithetic types through Saturday's intermittent drizzle would have done justice to the championship in any year. Both men toured the tough Canterbury course in one-over-par 72 to end all even after the morning round. Campbell's way, for the most part, was down the middle, on the green and two putts. Tut's way was through the trees, into the bunkers and down in one breathtaking snaky stroke from almost any distance.

And so it went after lunch, too. They stayed even until the 27th hole, where Tutwiler went ahead with a birdie, but Campbell pulled even at 29. On the 31st the Geritol ran out. They each sprayed the course with three straight bogeys. Then, on the par-3 35th hole, Tutwiler's putter finally failed him. An indifferent chip shot left him 30 feet from the hole. "Shucks, I need you real bad," he said to the putt. "Let's go." But the ball died at the rim of the cup, and Campbell took a one-hole lead that means victory when both men bogeyed the 36th.

It is certainly no reflection on the hardy oldtimers of amateur golf who performed so well at Canterbury—Billy Joe Patton, 42, Duke Morey, 43, Charlie Kocsis, 51, Fred Kammer, 42, and Charlie Smith, 33—to say that 1964 is not a vintage year for new talent. Of the solemn, stork-thin young men who annually emerge from the country's golfing colleges and shake up the Amateur Championship before turning pro, only two made the semifinals: Mark Hopkins, a tall, blond and friendly youth from the University of Houston, looked to be the best of the lot, but he had the misfortune of running into Campbell on his best day of the tournament. Tutwiler put away the other, Dave Eichelberger of Oklahoma State, sending the collegians back to their books aware of something that foes of Sam Snead have known for years: old folk from West Virginia are hard to beat.

END



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A young, fresh setting for the old Davis Cup

This week's Challenge Round between Australia and the U.S. takes place not at Forest Hills but at a junior high school in Cleveland

There was a day when a U.S. defense of the Davis Cup automatically took place in the staid atmosphere of the West Side Tennis Club in Forest Hills, N.Y. But that day is gone. This week the U.S. will defend the cup against Australia at the Roxboro Junior High School in Cleveland Heights, Ohio. To old-line tennis purists this may sound as degrading as moving the Masters from Augusta to Hoboken but, in truth, it is a long step forward. Removing the matches from Forest Hills may someday be considered as important for tennis as leaving that cellar in Liverpool was for the Beatles.

"What this sport needs is exposure," says Bob Malaga, the man responsible for bringing the Davis Cup to Cleveland. "We have to get tennis to the people and move the good things around the way golf has. I hate to say this, but now the best thing would be for other cities to try to get this away from us."

Malaga is a bright, dedicated promoter who works for tennis and Cleveland. Right now he is at his happiest and busiest because he is working for both. He is a bald man who does not wear a hat. His eyes do not dart about, his whole head does. Partner in a local law firm, chairman and resident of swank Shaker Heights, Malaga—the name is Czech—grew up in nearby Collinwood. He is an aggressive man but not pugnacious, a cigar smoker who does not jab out with the cigar. He brought the Davis Cup to Cleveland by careful planning and polite cajolery, not by bulldozing. Part ad man and part politician, Malaga played an important role in the gubernatorial campaign of C. William O'Neill in 1956. He still has license plate RM-29, his initials and his age when his man won.

However, the USLTA did not award the Challenge Round to Cleveland solely

on Malagan charm. Cleveland simply made the best offer. It has carried out all its promises, too. The matches this weekend will make the most money in Davis Cup history. The U.S. and Australian lawn tennis associations should haul almost \$100,000 out of Cleveland. The take was only \$30,000 last year in Adelaide. "Nothing bures me up more," Malaga says, "than when I get some request for a \$25 donation to support this tennis thing or that one. Sure, I know they all say I'm too commercial. Well, this sport doesn't have to beg. It can support itself if it's promoted. We've made money every time in Cleveland. O.K., I'm commercial if that's commercial."

Malaga started playing tennis at an early age, though Collinwood is known more for contact sports. Boxer Joey Maxim and several pro football players

came from there. Malaga won a scholarship to Michigan State for both his football and tennis ability. His niche in football history is forever secure if only because of one game. Playing for the varsity as a freshman—it was permitted then—he kicked the extra point that beat Kentucky 7-6. The fellow who missed the extra point for Kentucky was one George Blanda. "I figure I'm the only guy around to outkick Blanda," Malaga says.

State was so crowded with good football players that it was decided Malaga should concentrate on tennis. He had been high school champion of Ohio the year before Tony Trabert was. When Michigan State took on the University of North Carolina in 1949 Malaga played in the No. 1 match against current Davis Cup Captain Vic Seixas. Seixas won.

Always a top player around Cleveland, Malaga's association with tennis was mostly athletic until 1960, when he grumbled so much about apathy toward the sport that the Northeastern Ohio Tennis Association elected him president and told him to run things himself. Immediately he cast about for some zone cup matches for Cleveland. "I said we could guarantee a profit if they gave us the U.S.-Venezuela American zone final. It was probably the worst tennis in history. Looking back, the USLTA probably would have paid us to take it."

But the matches were a box office success and in 1961, Malaga had little trouble getting the U.S.-Mexico Tie. The Americans won 3-2 in an exciting battle, and—of equal value from a publicity standpoint—Dennis Ralston lost his temper and was suspended. In 1962 Cleveland was host to the U.S.-Canada Tie, and last year the Wightman Cup. Malaga never stops running. Despite the pressure of Davis Cup details, he was at Forest Hills two weeks ago trying to regain the Wightman Cup for 1965.

These earlier matches were all played on the courts of the Cleveland Skating Club, but for the Challenge Round a stadium was needed. When Malaga first considered promoting the matches last December, before the U.S. had won the cup back, building a stadium was his first concern. He found a site near the Skating Club, a baseball diamond next to the Roxboro playground. Helped by an understanding civic leader, Harold T. Clark—for whom the stadium was subsequently named—Malaga started knocking on the doors of Cleveland in-



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dusty. About 40 firms responded with money enough to guarantee the stadium costs and another \$60,000 for promotional purposes. Some of the businessmen grasped immediately how important the Challenge Round could be for Cleveland, but many others hardly knew what the Davis Cup was.

In fact, so many people in Cleveland still do not know what this Challenge Round thing is all about that Publicity Chairman Jim Fassant has taken a fresh approach. It may be called the Challenge Round everywhere else, but in Cleveland it is the "Davis Cup Finals."

"You had to push, to educate," Malaga says. "I pointed out, over and over, that a Brown-Giant game may seem big, but how big is it anywhere outside the country? The Davis Cup Challenge Round is news all over the world. This is the world championship, the Olympics of tennis." That reminded him: "Oh yeah, then sometimes I give this pitch. I tell them there are three world sports dachines this year: Tokyo, Innsbruck and Cleveland."

When the USLTA met last February, Malaga was ready. Not only did he have the necessary money, but Cleveland's offer came with no strings attached. Los Angeles, on the other hand, wanted the USLTA to cough up rent money if the city built a stadium. Cleveland profited by the Los Angeles-New York rivalry, winning when most of the votes for New York, which had been eliminated, were switched to Cleveland.

The \$75,000 stadium has 7,000 seats, all of them bleacher-type, so it looks relatively unimpressive when empty. But the seats themselves are close to the court—much closer than at Forest Hills—and most of them will afford a good view of the action. Recognizing this, Malaga has not been bashful in setting his price scale. The least expensive seats are \$5, and many are as high as \$15. All three days of play have long been guaranteed near sellouts.

The surface of the court is a composition material, similar to clay. The brand name is Teniko-Royal, but most tennis players know it simply as "green." It is the slowest of the basic surfaces, and a new court should play a bit slower. Speculation as to what effect this surface will have on the play mostly involves Australian Fred Stolle, whose greatest successes have come on grass. The other three of the four certain combatants—

continued

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SECRET THOUGHTS OF A BRIDEGROOM

"...great Scotch* they served at my bachelor party. Freddie said it was all the rage in Manhattan. What the deuce was its name?"

*The name of the Scotch is White Horse. People all over the world are drinking it up. Only one bottle in five ever reaches America. A sobering thought.



TENNIS

Australian Roy Emerson and Americans Dennis Ralston and Chuck McKinley—all have a history of playing about equally well on all types of surfaces.

But Stolle's performance at Forest Hills—where he reached the finals before losing to Emerson—was hardly due to grass alone. In fact, the Forest Hills courts were very slow for grass and terribly rough. Composition courts are remarkably true, and this will be an advantage for Stolle, with his smooth, precise strokes.

Stolle's only real weakness of late has been an inability to handle balls hit at his feet. But he has been playing so well—on all types of courts and against all types of players—that if he maintains this form he should upset one of the Americans. And this he must do if Australia is to regain the Cup. Emerson is reasonably certain to defeat both Ralston and McKinley, but the Americans, with experience playing together, have a slight edge in the doubles over Emerson and Stolle, a new team. Giving the U.S. a hard-fought doubles win, the Aussies probably will win the cup back 3-2.

The teams are so close, though, that either could get hot and win by as much as 4-1. If Dennis Ralston—returning to the scene of his crime—does not rejure his ankle and can regain the form he exhibited earlier this summer, the cup will not leave the U.S. Whatever the result, tennis will be the winner—richer in money, healthier of image.

Bob Malaga put down a phone, picked up his cigar and walked out of the little trailer that serves as the Davis Cup stadium office. Over in the school yard some girls were practicing cheerleading. "You know," Malaga said, "I'm going to get a band in here. I like bands. They're colorful. We'll get a big high school band—250 or something. We'll march them in all dressed up in their uniforms and have them play *The Star-Spangled Banner*. It'd be good. They could play soft things some of the time. They know some symphony music."

Someone suggested that that would be preempting 250 high-priced seats. "Ah," Bob Malaga said, "you can't think about that all the time. I bet they never even had a band before at the Davis Cup." They also probably never had as much fun as they are going to have in this Challenge Round—the "Davis Cup Finals"—at Roxboro Junior High, Cleveland Heights, Ohio.

END

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HE'LL NEVER LEAVE

LTC SHULTZMAN



OHIO

Unlike My Sister Eileen, Doyt Perry of Bowling Green has no reason to lament 'Why, O Why, O Why O?' That's because he's staying put. A small-town pool, poker and golf shark, he is the country's most successful major-college coach, and he will teach football right at home, thank you

BY JOHN UNDERWOOD

Bowling Green, Ohio is the kind of inconspicuous midwestern town where a man, if he spent a lifetime at it, could make a name for himself that would not exceed the city limits. Peaceful, pleasant, humdrum Bowling Green never meant harm to anybody and never had any done it. Even the things that might have brought it attention always happened someplace else. The name itself happened someplace else. The most persuasive of the city fathers of 1833 was a man who thought Bowling Green, Ky., his home town, was worth repeating. Consequently, Bowling Green, Ky. (pop. 23,338) is the metropolis that Bowling Green, Ohio (pop. 13,574) most often gets mistaken for. The wife of the assistant dean of the business school at Bowling Green State University was in the national headlines in 1934 when she was held at gunpoint by John Dillinger on the running board of a getaway car after an \$18,000 bank holdup, but—bad luck—the big event happened 25 miles away in Fostonia.

Actress Eva Marie Saint went to school in Bowling Green but has not talked it around. The mayor of Bowling Green, native son Gus Skibbie, a bright, bright-eyed, gum-ball-jowled little man who dabbles as high school history teacher and has been known to make a historical chip shot or two to win \$2 Nassaus from pigeons at the Bowling Green Country Club, achieved a measure of notoriety in 1961. Officiating in a football game between Syracuse and Notre Dame, Gus called a roughing-the-kicker penalty that gave Notre Dame a chance to kick a field goal after the game was over. *continued*

"Unambitious" Perry, who misses his high school days, presides at schoolboy workout.



Notre Dame did, and won. Syracuse boiled. Its fans petitioned for a Notre Dame forfeit or for Gus Skibbie's pink-and-white scalp. Gus Skibbie happily carried on the argument—and carries it on convincingly to this day—in the sanctuary of the mayor's office across the street from Bowling Green High. He is safe in Bowling Green because the game was not played there. It was played in South Bend, Ind.

There usually are exceptions to sweeping generalities, of course, and it would be unfair to say Bowling Green has swept all its treasures under the rug. Dr. C. J. Hochanadel, a Bowling Green graduate, is a leader in the study of the peaceful use of atomic radiation. Dr. Paul Woodring is an education editor for the *Saturday Review*. Dr. Kermit Long has, in Phoenix, the largest Methodist congregation in the West. At home the Heinz Tomato Ketchup factory is known not only around and beyond Wood County for the size of its operation, second-largest catsup factory in the world, but also for its aroma. At this redolent time of year a traveler coming into Bowling Green on U.S. 6 or U.S. 25, 20 miles south of Toledo, can only imagine he has entered a nether world of *zhi zhi alla Siliwana*. But the most prominent and most beloved exception is Doyt Leatherman Perry.

Who is Doyt L. Perry? As a starter, you could say he is the most successful college football coach in the country. You could say this with fear of contradiction, because Doyt Perry's Bowling Green teams never won a Rose Bowl game, never even went to a bowl game except one that was already on its schedule. They never had an All-America. They never beat a team from a major conference, or even played one. Doyt Perry never received a Cadillac or a swimming pool from his loyal fans, or had his picture on a magazine cover, nor has he written a book about his special gift for coaching football. He has never been mentioned for Congress or sued *The Saturday Evening Post*, and he is so shamefully unambitious that he has been heard to wish aloud for those rewarding days when he coached high school teams and taught 11th-grade history.

What is incontrovertible about Perry's

credentials for success is his record: 68 victories, nine losses and five ties in nine seasons at Bowling Green. That is a .860 percentage, and in the higher mathematics of college coaching *that, sir, is coaching*. Bud Wilkinson, Paul Bryant or Johnny Vaught cannot touch it. Doyt Perry has won the Mid-American Conference championship four of those nine years and has never had a team that lost more than two games in one season (no coach can touch that, either). People who know him, and those who wish they did, queue up to sing his praises. At Bowling Green, now accustomed to his genius, they say that won-lost records are gauche, that if it is figures you want, check the *real* record. Check to see that Doyt Perry has never had a player transfer to another school. Check the graduation lists—Doyt Perry's football players not only attend school, they graduate.

Doyt Perry has never been hanged in effigy—what on earth for? He has retained, at age 54, the unlined, uncomplicated look of a born winner and looks 40. He has established a private rapport between himself and everybody in town. They all call him Doyt, even freshmen, after a respectful period of awkward first attempts. "We call him Doyt," says a former player, "but we think of him as mister." It is a special point of pride at Bowling Green that the football department is not autonomous and that Doyt mixes with all manner of people, including professors. His assistants do, too. "Here," says Line Coach Jim Ruchl so that his listener knows what is about to follow might not be true just anywhere, "here we are accepted. And we are well organized. For example, Bob [Dudley, Perry's chief assistant] over there goes down to the faculty lounge every Monday morning during the season to tell the professors why Doyt doesn't order more passes."

Among his players Perry inspires a special allegiance. They describe him as if "honesty" and "integrity" and "sincerity" were qualities peculiar to him, and they say he is almost unbeatable at golf, pool, poker or the word games that enliven bus trips home. He leads them in

song at his traditional night-before-game gathering known as the Hot Chocolate Hour, or Sing Along with Doyt. The song is usually a nonsensical number called *I Ziggy-Zumbah-Zumbah-Zumbah* that requires little song-leading talent, which is what Perry has. "And one more thing about Doyt—when he tells you something, he means it," says Chuck Perry, a former Bowling Green quarterback now in the school's administrative offices. Chuck is not related to Doyt; he only sounds like it. "When he tells you you've got a four-year scholarship, brother, that means four years," says Chuck. "And when he tells you to suit up, shower or sit down, you suit up, shower or sit down."

Bernie Casey, now a halfback with the San Francisco 49ers, was All-Conference his junior year at Bowling Green in 1959 but had his sitting time increased sharply enough in 1960 to make him suspicious of Perry's good judgment. "Do you like Perry?" Casey was asked that fall. "I do more than like him," answered Casey. "I respect him."

Ralph W. McDonald, the former president of the university and the man most responsible for the current building and academic boom at Bowling Green (a boom, coincidentally, that is conference-wide), once said of Doyt Perry: "He is the finest addition we have made in this administration." McDonald hired Perry off Woody Hayes's staff at Ohio State. Known for his impetuosity, McDonald was also a man who was willing to put the school's money where his foresight was. He gave Perry three salary increases before the first football season. Bowling Green went from last place in the Mid-American in 1954 to second (4-1-1) under Perry in 1955. Thereafter the conference had to get better to keep up.

The Mid-American is, essentially, a seven-member league of bus riders that received major status from the National Collegiate Athletic Association only two years ago, and only after some strong lobbying on the part of Ohio State's Hayes. "Bowling Green, Ohio and Miami," argued Hayes, "are playing better football right now than Dayton, Cincinnati or Xavier. Why shouldn't they be major league?" Five member schools

continued on page 58



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になってきた。

石油の 1 滴は血の 1 滴というほ
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TIME/LIFE

are located in Ohio: Toledo, Miami (in Oxford), Ohio University (in Athens), Kent State (in Kent) and Bowling Green. They are linked on the southern Ohio border by Marshall of Huntington, W. Va., and on the north by Western Michigan in Kalamazoo, spanning as they do an area from the Allegheny foothills through the undulating soybean and corn fields to the industrial Lakes re-

does not require college boards and will allow a student in the bottom third of his graduating class to enter college early for preliminary study.

The Mid-American was formed in 1946 and suffered through a traumatic series of dropouts and fill-ins until 1955, when the present membership was stabilized. Of the charter members only Ohio University remains. The league was nev-

won the championship or finished second every year, but the school was always put down as "the other" Miami because Miami of Florida, without a reader or a President to call its own (and a babe of only 39), outstripped it in football. Miami's designation in record books is therefore always followed by the parenthetical (0.), a slight that one sports columnist lamented in a poem: "Miami's Nemesis—Parenthesis."

The Mid-American's large reputation for knocking off Big Ten teams is overblown. In 49 meetings, Big Ten teams have had 40 victories, MAC teams eight, and there was one tie. Each MAC victory, however, has been worth its weight in newsprint and invariably sent tremors up Big Ten spines. The predictable consequences for the Big Ten team: 1) hire the coach that perpetrated the upset, or 2) don't be so naive the next time you're casting around for a schedule filler. After successive victories over Indiana (6-0) in 1954 and Northwestern (25-14) in 1955, Ara Parseghian was hired away from Miami to coach at Northwestern in 1956. But Miami has also lost 16 times to Big Ten teams. Its last—and the league's last—victory in interleague play was in 1962, over Purdue 10-7. In 1963 Miami lost to Northwestern 37-6; this season it will play Northwestern again, and Ohio will play Purdue.

Bowling Green, Marshall and Kent State have been unsuccessful in attempts to bully and/or con their way onto a Big Ten schedule. Assistant Coach Dudley of Bowling Green once spent a summer writing 60 letters of inquiry—feelers—to teams in the Big Ten, Southwest, Southeastern and Big Eight conferences. He said he received five "favorable" replies but no commitments. When Wisconsin had an unexpected opening in 1963 as a result of Marquette's discontinuing football, Bowling Green Athletic Director Dr. W. Harold Anderson immediately petitioned for the date on the logical grounds that Bowling Green would make a worthy opponent and in hopes that sentimentality would take hold of Wisconsin Athletic Director Ivy Williamson, a Bowling Green grad. Williamson, however, filled the open date with Western Michigan. Safety-first Wisconsin won



A vigorous gamester who is pleased to be taken for 40, the 54-year-old Perry shows off for his sons D.L. and David the fancy basketball he perfected as a guard at Bowling Green.

gion. The schools are at short-hop intervals of no more than 250 miles, and scholastically and physically they are practically homogeneous. Student bodies range from 14,500 at Kent State and Western Michigan to 5,500 at Marshall, and their smallish football stadiums seat from 18,000 at Ohio University to 10,000 at Marshall. Bowling Green is medium-size in this general grouping, and its character is consistent with it: 9,000 students, a football stadium that seats 14,000 (a larger one is on the way) and a fully accredited curriculum offered by good colleges of business, liberal arts and education but no medical, dental or law school. Entrance requirements in the Mid-American are not uniform and, unlike other major conferences, the MAC

is particularly strong because, while proximity cut down expenses, it also kept the league provincial and unpublished. Nevertheless it acquired two remarkable reputations: a deserved one for the excellent football coaches turned out by Miami, and an inflated one for upsetting Big Ten teams.

Earl Blaik, Sid Gillman, Woody Hayes, Paul Dietzel, Ara Parseghian, Stu Holcomb, Johnny Pont, George Blackburn—all played football for, or coached at, Miami. The oldest school in the league (founded in 1809), 155-year-old Miami also turned out *The McGuffey Reader* and the country's 23rd President, Benjamin Harrison. From 1948 to 1958 Miami's football teams were the best things to be said for the conference. They

41-0. Privately Williamson told a Bowling Green friend, "Be truthful about it. What would we gain by playing you?"

The day is not far off, however, when a defeat by a Mid-American team will embarrass no one. Certainly professional teams have felt no embarrassment over the more than 60 MAC players they have signed, most notably Bob Schneckler, Don Lisbon and Bernie Casey of Bowling Green, Vince Costello of Ohio University, Mel Triplett of Toledo, Bob Adkins and Frank Gatski of Marshall, Dick Mostardo of Kent State and Bill Triplett, Bob Jencks and Tom Nomina of Miami. And certainly every coach should have the right to be a good loser to such as Doyt L. Perry.

Born winner Doyt Perry came to Bowling Green as an undergraduate out of the tiny Licking County, Ohio farm town of Croton, which can barely stand much coming out of. The last census showed Croton holding on with a population of 397. In that unspectacular setting, little Perry showed his mother the spectacular inability to recognize—or accept—adversity. His mother recalls that when she was giving him a spanking for some chore he had forgotten in favor of playing bill, Perry would say "Mummy, is you spanking me or is you petting me?"

From Croton's Hartford High, three-letterman Perry advanced on Bowling Green, where he was a 5-foot-8, 140-pound quarterback remembered by teammate Beefe Bortel for sealing secret sure-fire plays into his helmet. Beefe now runs a glass and mirror company in Bowling Green and enjoys rattling on Perry. Doyt was also the shortstop on the Bowling Green baseball team and a regular guard in basketball. In each sport in each of his three varsity seasons, 1929 to 1931, Perry led winning teams. His mind was made up: "I wanted to coach."

For 11 years Perry coached winning high school teams in Lorain (Clearview High) and Columbus (Upper Arlington). He coached everything he could lay his enthusiasm on—football, basketball, baseball, track. Most members of his first football team at Clearview had never seen a football game. But they became winners, and so did every team Perry ever coached except one—the 1947 foot-

ball team at Upper Arlington. Actually, that was only half a team. Perry ran off the other half for breaking training rules. He is, to this day, a purist, no smoking, no drinking, no swearing, no late hours, no back talk.

Woody Hayes hired Perry as his assistant at Ohio State in 1951 and was abused for it almost immediately by an Upper Arlington mother. "I've made up my

Perry has had his say at Bowling Green. His teams bear some resemblance to Hayes's in that they are, first of all, good housekeepers. Doyt will not tolerate fumbling, and players who do have been known to remove themselves from a game voluntarily. "A 'perfect game' is one in which you do not fumble, do not have a pass intercepted, draw a penalty or yield a point—such



Shooting a game in the local pool hall, Perry exhibits for his boys and wife Lucretia the cool hand and dead eye that have racked up many a duck. He is now 60 years, too, on golf greens.

mind not to like you," she said. "You took away the best teacher my daughter ever had."

Perry was in charge of Hayes's defense in 1954, when Ohio State won 10 straight, including the Rose Bowl, and was voted national champion. He was a sort of easygoing, pipe-pulling, imperturbable buffer to Hayes's gruffness, and was his all-hours-of-the-night sounding board if Hayes became inspired with an idea or was lonely. There was something Hayes could not resist about Perry's snifter half sentences. "Doyt would sit there in a squad meeting," says Hayes, "puffing that pipe, and he'd say, 'Now, I think . . .,' and he'd puff. 'Now, forget it.' I'd practically jump out of my chair. 'For crying out loud, Doyt. Say it!'"

as," Perry points out, "our 28-0 victory over Kent State in 1960." Also like Hayes, Perry is partial to power sweeps that appear to smother opposing ends and tackles in a cascade of blockers. But after these obvious similarities, easy comparisons with Hayes break down. While Hayes and Perry are close friends and every Easter vacation Perry shoots up to Columbus to see what is new in Ohio State football, not in structure, style or philosophy are they alike.

Doyt Perry, short and sturdily built, wears horned-rim glasses and his graying hair in a crew cut. His lip corners drop from the weight of his pipe, and he squints a lot. He looks not unlike a tough Mr. Peepers. "How old do you think I am?" he asks, and smiles when

continued

you say the expected 40. His players say that of all the coaches on the staff he looks least like the head coach. In conversation his voice rises and falls from the edge of eloquence to the depth of inaudibility, and if he is engrossed he is liable to walk away from you, and come back, or talk out the window. He says "gee-munny Christmas" and "goldurn" and "shoot" when he is mad, and he says he talks too much. He also says: "I'm funny, I guess, but I think coaching is an important job." This is the essence of the man.

If Perry's arrival brought immediate success to Bowling Green football, the sophistication that comes with success was not as prompt. A reason for this is the student body, which draws heavily from Ohio farmlands. When Doyt took the team to Texas for a game in 1960 he discovered that only one boy had ever ridden a train. And there were moments on the field when the game he appreciates as being "the most scientific of all" was not at all scientific. Late in the 1957 game against Drake, Perry put Quarterback Chuck Perry in. "When I got in the huddle," said Chuck, "I immediately forgot the play. So I said to the halfback, 'You know that one where I prick back to you and you throw one? Well, that's it.' Finally I got them to the line of scrimmage—and realized I hadn't given them the count. So I shouted, 'O K, guys, on two. Ready. Set. Hut-one . . . Hut-two.' The play gained 29 yards."

What Doyt Perry also meant immediately to Bowling Green football was organization. He issued complete-to-the-last-verb written directives for his coaches ("Our players have the right to expect the same consideration, treatment and leadership we would desire for our own son. . . . You will be held responsible for their mistakes. . . .") and for his players ("Remember, if you are criticized then you are important. . . ."). His practices began on the first day with a "Life Is More Important Than Football" lecture from the Rev. Loyal Bishop.

The Bowling Green football budget tripled from \$20,000 in 1954 to the present \$66,000. The Falcons won the small-college national championship in 1959, defeating top-ranked Delaware by a

shocking 30-8, and before long every assistant on Perry's staff was earning more than \$10,000 a year, exceptional for a school of that size. Perry's salary is now up to \$15,500, and in four years he will have completed 36 years in the Ohio school system and be eligible for a pension of \$8,000 to \$10,000.

In the evening a hep student at Bowling Green can go dancing on a glistening ballroom floor that is a third of an acre, drink Coke on the rocks at an on-campus nightclub called the Carnation Room and bowl and play pocket billiards at the Student Union till his senses blur. (Bowling Green girls are pool sharks—they have won the intercollegiate pocket billiards championship three years in a row.) But Doyt Perry's favorite diversion is the one that takes him down a dirt road to a beautifully tailored unused football field squared off between the soybeans and corn on an undeveloped plot of university real estate east of the campus. Every day for two years the field has been soaking up 5,500 gallons of water so that it will be ready whenever the new football stadium rises around it. The stadium, a new field house (the old one is four years old and already obsolete) and a complete athletic plant will soon be under construction on 300 acres. The stadium will seat 18,000 as a starter, with plans to go as high as 40,000. "Then," says Perry matter-of-factly, "maybe we'll get a Big Ten team in here—if it's good enough."

Perry has found that, with continued success, recruiting against Big Tenschools has become, if not easy, at least less difficult. Where once he got none, he now bats 1 for 5 in a battle for the better players with, say, Woody Hayes. His staff—Ruehl and Dick Young from Ohio State, Bob Gibson from Youngstown and Bill Malloy from Miami—has been good at lighting the odds. Occasionally, however, they run afoul of Doyt Perry's own special regard for truth and clean hands. They could not, for example, get close to Tackle Tom Nomina five years ago because Nomina had sent an application for a grant-in-aid to Miami. The application was not binding, and Nomina thought he would like to talk it over with Bowling Green, but Perry said that

to him it was as binding as an engagement ring and ordered hands off. "Last year," says Ruehl, "we had Mike Luettkie from Toledo's Rogers High all lined up—the best high school fullback in the state. Doyt comes in and tells the kid, 'Son, you might not play fullback for us. You might play guard or tackle.' I almost died. This kid wants to carry the ball and Doyt's talking about the line, and we don't even have him on school yet. He's that way. Once I heard him tell his son Dave he'd probably never be good enough to play for Bowling Green. Well, anyway, I knew we'd lost Luettkie. So what happened? We got him."

Bowling Green gives an average of 15 football scholarships a year, or about half that of most major conference schools. Each scholarship can be divided into thirds if Perry wants to parcel them around, but the better player will not settle for a third of a scholarship. The sad figures on recruiting, however, are generally the before-and-after figures: 40 freshmen football players enter X university on scholarship in 1950, two of them are still around to graduate in 1954. Perry fights this attrition as if it were a dark spot on his soul. "Your grades keep you in school," he tells his players, "not your football. Football only got you here."

Perry is not above pleading his influence to get a borderline case through the admissions office, but high pressure is not his style and more often than not he loses out. Doyt Perry losing out is an excellent source of lunchtime hilarity at Bowling Green. "I turned Doyt down once when I was admissions director," laughs Chuck Perry, the former quarterback who is now director of development at Bowling Green. "He said, 'Oh, shoot, Chuck. You don't even appreciate good football anymore.' " "The time I had to refuse him," says Alumni Director Jim Hof, near to tears, "he said to me, 'Goldurn! I hope you get promoted!'"

There is a saying at Bowling Green, "Doyt can beat it." The saying is portable and applicable to any feat of man. Stories are told of Doyt sitting down with the boys in a penny-ante poker

continued on page 97

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that makes
your cocktail
drier

(It's
drier
than
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itself)



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(red label) adds a
dash of dryness to
the rocks. Putz points
on the Manhattan.
Ask for "Gian-cha."

Imported Italian Vermouth ©1964, The Jee Gancia Co., New York, N.Y.



Beautiful Shape for '65-CHEVROLET Everything over, under and around you will be beautifully different

The roof, front, back, side, height, length, room, trim, windows, dash, upholstery, frame, suspension, color—everything's new, finer, more luxurious everywhere you look.

What this new Chevrolet amounts to is almost a new kind of land travel!

Chevrolet for '65 meets the road with Wide-Stance wheel design and silkier Jet-smooth ride. Carries you along on a new frame that's as silent as it is strong. Baffles bumps with an ease that must make other cars jealous.

Step into an Impala Sport Coupe or Sedan and find door-to-door carpeting, luxuriously upholstered seats designed to be lived in, an instrument panel that lives up to its

simulated wood-grain trim. With more shoulder room. More front leg and foot room with smaller floor tunnels. And the added luxury of curved glass side windows.

For '65, you set it all in motion with Sixes and V8's ranging from a 140-hp Turbo-Thrift Six to a 400-hp Turbo-Fire V8 available at your order.

Then link this action to your fingertips in one of these four ways — Powerglide, Overdrive or 4-speed Synchro-Mesh shift, if you request

it, or standard 3-speed Synchro-Mesh. We should also mention a best seller list of luxury and convenience equipment that's yours for the ordering.

All that's left is the looks. But why try telling you what you can see so clearly for yourself? . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.





Beautiful Shape for '65—CORVAIR

If this one doesn't knock you right off your chair,
we can't imagine what would

It took one of the most complete and dramatic changes ever made in any car to bring you this new beauty with the international look. Here, briefly, are some of the wonderful things we've done to this 1965 Corvair.

First, there's new hardtop styling on every Corvair Sport Coupe and Sport Sedan—even the lowest priced ones.

And all are longer and lower than Corvairs of old, yet with curved side windows to give you more shoulder room inside.

The steering is quicker. The ride is steadier with its new 4-wheel independent suspension. The wheels, both front and rear, are spread farther apart to keep them as cemented to the road as the pavement itself. The brakes are bigger.

There's an interior in Monza models that reminds you of those you've seen in some frighteningly expensive sports cars. Bucket seats, door-to-door deep-twist carpeting, businesslike control panel with all dials grouped into a cockpit-like cluster.

There's a whole brand-new series of Corvairs for '65 called Corsa with special trim, special instrumentation and very special performance. The standard rear engine is 140 hp or there's a new 180-hp Turbo-Charged

version that you can add instead.

We can't help but feel that the '65 Corvair is the new sporty American car Europeans will be clamoring to import. So hurry and see one now at your Chevrolet dealer's. Then try to give up the idea of buying one. Just try. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.



Please Turn the Page For More That's New



Beautiful Shape for '65—CHEVELLE

New ride, new style and an engine that makes any driver feel young

On one hand, the '65 Chevelle makes you feel settled and wise and rich with its smooth new ride and plushness all about. But then on the other hand, there's a frisky power story!

There are enough changes in this '65 Chevelle to make it look and act like another whole new car from Chevrolet.

The front's been restyled. So has the back. The interiors are done up in some of the richest looking vinyls and fabrics around.

The ride is amazing. We've patterned Chevelle's Full Coil suspension after those in cars costing far more.

And if you'd like to hear how quietly it rides with its softer springs

and extra body insulation, just put your fingers in your ears and listen.

As for that frisky power, you get it in either of two V8's you can add, ranging all the way up to 300 horsepower.

That makes five engines for Chevelle now, including the standard 120-hp Hi-Thrift Six (which doesn't exactly poke along).

And the list of special options and accessories you can order goes on and on.

Four-speed manual shift. Auto-

matic Powerglide. A luxurious vinyl roof cover for the Sport Coupes. A new AM-FM Stereo radio that makes you think the musicians themselves came with the car.

Twelve Chevelle models in four series to choose from for '65 — and all available with big V8's! . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.





Beautiful Shape for '65—CHEVY II Look who just turned into the most powerful tightwad in town

Now you can even have a 300-hp V8 in your new 1965 Chevy II. There are new interiors and new styling, too. Chevy II never hid its economy and practicality so well!

Guess what? Quiet, practical little Chevy II just grew fangs.

For the first time ever, you can now ask to have a big 250-hp or 300-hp V8 engine put under the hood of your next Chevy II Sedan or Sport Coupe. You can also order a new 150-hp Six for all models.

The standard engines this year are the 195-hp V8 (hardly a slouch) or the 120-hp Six, depending upon the model you choose, along with your choice of a 4-cylinder gas-saver on the Chevy II 100 Sedans.

That's six Chevy II engines altogether and to put it mildly, the meek just inherited the road.

As for the rest of the car, well, it's new in front; new in back; and as you've probably noticed already, the sedans have a sleek new roof line on top.

Inside's new, too. Richer fabrics. Plusher vinyls. Dressed-up instrument panel. Scuffproof cowl side panels. Standard color-keyed seat belts. And you can surround all that with living-room-toned music by

adding an AM-FM Stereo radio.

And Stereo or not, five or six people never had it so comfortable. Chevy II is *not* tight with room.

This all of course leads us to Chevy II economy. No Chevy II story would be complete without a word on *that!* The word is miserly. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.





College comes true at your Full Service bank

Putting the children through college is only one of the dreams you can realize for your family with the help of a Full Service bank. A new home, a trip to Europe, even taking it easy someday—all these begin with this first rule of financial success: *Don't split your money.* Keep your savings and checking accounts together in one Full Service bank. This way, you have a

firm financial base: good credit references, guaranteed interest on savings, a friend at the bank. Your money is safe and available as cash or collateral. Your savings give you an important edge when you want one of your bank's low-cost loans. (Remember, only Full Service banks can make all kinds of loans.) Day in, year out, you're better off with a Full Service bank.



"The place where you keep your checking account"

game in Canada and cleaning them out in short order. There is another of a night in Des Moines when he walked into a billiard room just as the balls were being racked. With his overcoat on, his pipe jammed to one side of his mouth and his hat pulled down tight, he picked up a cue and ran off all 15 balls. The boys say he has one of the lowest handicaps at the Bowling Green Country Club, lower even than Gus Skibbie's, but Doyt waves his hand. "I don't play golf too well," he says, lying.

Doyt Perry believes in placing blame where it is due, and where it is due, he figures, is usually on Doyt Perry. A holding penalty against Tony Lawrence, a 295-pound junior tackle, wrecked a touchdown drive against Miami last year. "It was all my fault," said Perry afterward, astounding his listener. "How in hell do you figure that?" asked the man. "I should not have had him in there at that stage of the game," answered Perry.

"The thing about Doyt Perry is that he cares," says Bill Violet, co-captain and guard on the 1963 team. (Violet made *Who's Who on College Campuses* last year.) "He cares about everything. His whole family cares—Mrs. Perry, the two boys, David and D. L., his daughter Judy. Judy got me through freshman English. But the time I won't forget was the night he found out our oldest daughter Ronnie had a tumor on the brain. Bills and operations staring us in the face, we didn't know which way to turn. He came to my house and said, 'Bill, don't worry about getting through school. As of now you've got a full scholarship.' I didn't have to ask or say anything."

In his office the other day Doyt Perry leaned back in his chair and said he had a few things to say and, if he talked too much, to please stop him. He grinned, squinting. "You know," he said, "I'm not the best coach in the world. But, shoot, I'm not the worst either. I believe this about my coaching: I love kids, and I love this work. It's hard to . . . Why do I win? Gee-munny Christmas, I don't know. I think—I believe it's true when they say success breeds success. Every coach on this staff

has been a winner, and every kid on this team expects to be a winner. Now you ask me, will it stop? Sure, it'll stop. When I'm not doing the job it'll stop. When I'm too old—when I'm not bright enough to keep up."

He stood up and stared out the window overlooking the tennis courts.

"My whole theory . . . I don't think I have brought this up. I think there's a winning formula, and it consists of five things. One, players. Two, organization. Three, hard work. Four, morale. Five, desire to win. Most of all, goldmine, a boy has got to be happy. If a boy is happy, he'll work his butt off. So our job as coaches is to have happy kids. And a lot of that—"

His visitor said he hadn't heard that last part. Perry sat down and increased his volume. "Maybe I'm talking too much," he said, "and you stop me if—but it's like a business, football coaching. Gee-munny Christmas, you have to work at it. You're a teacher—nothing but a teacher, except you have to put your show on the road every week, and the student has got to get it or you're on the spot. The minute you get lazy and lose your enthusiasm you start going, and when you go, you go very fast in this profession."

"Listen, let me say this. I've enjoyed coaching. I enjoyed it at Clearview High, and I enjoyed it at Upper Arlington and I enjoy it here. To me there is no greater lure, not . . . The only mistake I might have made was leaving high school, because there you can really have a great effect on molding a boy's character. Here I sometimes think I'm getting the boy too late, maybe. I think I probably did a better job in high school."

The job Doyt Perry has done at Bowling Green has brought him more than a few chances to coach at other schools, supposedly bigger, brighter, more important. Missouri, for example, tried twice to get him. There has been periodic talk of his being the logical successor to Hayes at Ohio State. Nevertheless Perry has stayed at Bowling Green and says now he will never leave.

"You're going to be disappointed in me," he said in his office. "I'm not very ambitious."

END



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The COMMANDER



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A Taylor Instrument

Short Noisy Return of Dizzy

Most people think Dizzy Dean pitched his last big-league game in 1941—but that only shows how ignorant they are by TED O'LEARY

In the memories of most baseball followers, Dizzy Dean is as indissolubly linked to the St. Louis Cardinals and their Gashouse Gang as Babe Ruth is to the Yankees and Ty Cobb to the Tigers. But the last game Dean ever pitched in a St. Louis uniform was not for the dashing Cardinals but for the dismal American League Browns. Not surprisingly, it was Dean's egocentric talkativeness that won him this final major league pitching assignment—six years after his formal retirement following his release by the Chicago Cubs.

The knowing still pick up easy dollars

In bars by betting the unsuspecting that Dean pitched as late as 1947 for an American League team, for Dizzy's stint for the Browns has been forgotten by most fans. Dizzy, however, has not forgotten it. Neither has Bill DeWitt, now president of the Cincinnati Reds, who was general manager of the St. Louis Browns in 1947. Happy Chandler may or may not have forgotten it, but in 1947 he apparently decided to pretend that it had never happened. As commissioner of baseball at that time, Chandler ordered DeWitt not to go through with his plan to sign Dean to a \$1 contract so that he could pitch one game for the Browns.

"Chandler told me it would not be in the best interests of baseball," DeWitt said recently. "I decided it would be in the best interests of the Browns so I decided to go ahead and let Dizzy pitch. I expected Chandler to fine me or show disapproval somehow. But you know, I

never heard a word from him about it."

Like so many other years, 1947 had been an unhappy one for the Browns. For most of the season the team rested snugly in last place. Attendance was as languid as the team's won-and-lost record (the Browns drew only 320,474, down 205,961 from 1946).

Dean, then 36, was the Browns' radio play-by-play man. "Bill DeWitt kept telling me to boost the Browns on the air," Dean says. "He told me to emphasize their good plays, but there wasn't many good plays I could emphasize."

Far from boosting the Browns, Dean remorselessly exposed their deficiencies, especially their pitching. Between references to fried chicken, dove shooting, black-eyed peas, country music, hogback and greens, gin rummy and his sponsor's beer, Dean would interpose such comments as: "What's the matter with that guy? Why don't he throw that fast one? Dawg gone, I don't know what this game's

comin' to, I swear I could beat nine out of 10 of the guys that call themselves pitchers nowadays."

By late August most of the Browns' pitchers were too disgruntled to resent or to take issue with Dean's comments. But not so their wives, who tuned in his re-creations of road games and most of his live broadcasts of home games. They were not too keen on going to the ball park to witness the humiliation of their husbands. Most of the pitchers' wives began calling both DeWitt and Dean on the phone. "If that bug lug thinks he

continued

put your
foot in it...
purposely!

Esquire Socks See the fit... perfect! Discover the comfort... luxurious! Esquire "Red Dot" socks are contour styled in a cool, soft blend of 70% **Creslan** acrylic fiber, 30% stretch nylon for all the action you can give them. And the deep "cushion-foot" is an exclusive feature that guarantees maximum comfort, minimizes fatigue. Superior socks with superior performance... thanks to Creslan. One size fits all. In 15 most-wanted colors with contrasting two-color striped top. Two dollars at better stores. Creslan is a product of AMERICAN CRYNANAMID COMPANY, NEW YORK.

Creslan
A product of AMERICAN CRYNANAMID COMPANY, NEW YORK



Stratojac

Ski Patrol and Ski Slope seen in the DuPont ad on page 67 are available at

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cells gave DeWitt a capitalistic on Dean's and on the desire of a hraggart humber? What a chance to prove his b time, it might help the ance And it certainly pitching

On September 17, Manager Muddy Rue ton with the team, that he had signed Dean that he would immediately shape and would games before the season tember 28

"It's news to me," reporters in Boston.

Originally DeWitt had Dean face Cleveland's game, then pitch the season against the White cided against a Dean-tled for a one-game ap After a week of practice Dean announced I'm in good shape and

Three days before the Browns brought out On September 27, fo against the White Sox, up Normally the best have hoped for on close Going into their final were 37 games behind Yankees and four g seventh-place Senators 59 games while losing

On that final Sunday out. "It was the third crowd we had all fans

Many of the Browns' Dean and the old Gang and had religious the Browns for years. of the Browns' pitcher including Dean's wife

When the game began was not in the dugout Witt's signing of Dean ing him, Rue had turned to one of his coaches.

Dean gave up a single way, the first batter the next batter hit into a Dave Philley grounded

In the second inning

...den. Why not install notable lane the public to see Dean Brown's attend- couldn't hurt that without consulting who was in flow- Watt announced to a 51 cent, ately start getting patch one or two on ended on Sep- oast fairly told

...d planned to have Bob Feller in one final game of the Sox. But he de- seller dual and set- insurance by Dean. Using and baiting tating, "I'm se- arin") to go. The seven ended a pitiful 315 fan- doubleheader only 1,031 showed the Browns could ing day was 2,000. game the Browns and the first-place Ames behind the times. They had won 44

...ay, 15,916 turned biggest home ing," says DeWitt. were followers of Cardinal Garhouse been ignoring All of the wives were on hand, Pat.

...an, Rudy Ruoff luffed by De- without consult- the team over Fred Hoffman de to Don Kollie- be faced, But the double play and Rudy York fixed

...the White Sox hitters led the third inning Mike Timlin (Dean's pitching opponent) way all fled out. I went up to the plate in third carrying a black-and-white bat, Plate Unipore Call me to him that it was use of its coloring. So Dean to the dugout and even gaudier one. It white and had been made as a gag by a hat-man company. It was as illegal and white hat, if not more. I wrestled briefly with his color and said, "Oh hell, go ab I guess nobody cares." I only singled to left center and roared. But on his way led a muscle.

...ry went to the mound, he fourth inning, and after B angled, Philley, York and out.

...thos Dreyer's leg was st Dean's realized he was through, not only for the day, but for the season for the Chicago league he waved his glove. "Yes, one, including gloves, stood up and cheered his teammates for their support and announced I can pitch well enough I'm not agon' to try."

...in had thrown just 39 pitches of less than 90 an inning and only 14 hitters, two in When he left the game scored five runs off his mound. A two-run St. Louis best their 95th game

...year at Christmas the Dean a check for \$1,000 bonus," wrote DeWitt in liking and appreciation

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BASEBALL'S WEEK

by PETER CARRY

AMERICAN LEAGUE For the New York Yankees (see page 26), it was the week they won—not just five of six games but maybe a pennant as well. The sport put the Yanks back on top for the first time since August 6 and, not surprisingly, it was Mickey Mantle who carried them into the lead. Mantle collected his 450th career homer and his 2,000th major league hit in the same game, a 6-2 win over the Angels that gave the New Yorkers a .002 edge in the standings. But Mantle was not the whole show; the newest Yankee, Pedro Ramos, came out of the bullpen twice to pitch 7½ innings of masterful relief, and Whitey Ford threw his ninth shutout and his first complete game since July 15. The other two contenders, BALTIMORE (2-4) and CHICAGO (2-3), may do better against the second-division teams if they intend to catch New York. The Orioles' regular starters failed to win a game, but the blame was really on the hitters, who did not produce in two 2-1 losses to the seventh-place Twins. Those defeats dropped the Birds out of first. For the second consecutive week the White Sox found ninth-place WASHINGTON (3-2) hard to handle. Two weeks ago the Senators knocked the Sox out of first, and last week they beat them twice more, considerably dimming Chicago's pennant chances. Dick Phillips won both games with last-inning RBIs, one of them wrapping up a four-hit, 1-0 victory for Bennie Daniels. One team that could give the Yanks trouble is CLEVELAND (4-0), which has seven games remaining with the league leaders. The surging Indians, on the rise with a 32-15 record since early August, pitched their way from seventh to fifth as the staff allowed just eight runs and the hitters came through in the clutch to sweep all their games by narrow margins. Hopefully stuck in eighth place, the Boston Red Sox (5-1) were also winning. The Sox had plenty

of power hitting (13 homers, 330 team BA) and move pitching from Dick Radatz, who won once and tied the major-league record for most appearances by a pitcher in a season (74). KANSAS CITY's John Wynn matched that record the day after Radatz did, but the Athletics needed more relief than Wynn could give as they lost four of six by lopsided scores. The Detroit Tigers lost all four of their games when they hit only .214 and failed to support solid pitching by Dave Wickersham and Hank Aguirre. Dean Chance of the LOS ANGELES Angels (1-4) did not need much support from anyone. He shut out the Yankees on two hits, running his record to just one run allowed in 50 innings against the Yanks this year. Most of the action in MINNESOTA (2-4) occurred off the field. Owner Cal Griffith declared he would make sure that the players on the Twins are treated differently next year—and then gave Manager Sam Mele the traditional vote of confidence.

NATIONAL LEAGUE Although the Reds were 6½ games out of first, Sammy Ellis, CINCINNATI's (4-2) 23-year-old star reliever, would not give up on his team's chances of winning the pennant. Ellis was married this season, and he and his bride are planning a long winter honeymoon. "Frankly," says Sammy, "I need all the Series money I can get." Working toward getting it last week, Ellis pitched 6½ scoreless innings, figured in three of the Reds' wins and received credit for one of them. For once, Ellis' pitching was backed up by his light-hitting teammates. They batted 282 and pulled the Reds back up to third. The ST. LOUIS Cardinals, who also won four of six, got hard hitting from Curt Flood (.462) and two wins from Ray Sodecki to keep one step ahead of the Reds in second. But neither the Cards nor Cincy could gain more than a half game on

the league-leading PHILADELPHIA Phillies (4-3). The Phils lost three one-run games, but strong pitching from Jim Bunning, Chris Short, Dennis Bennett and Bobby Shantz brought home the four victories that put them in the driver's seat for the final two weeks of play. They have five games with the Reds and three with St. Louis. The third SAN FRANCISCO Giants (2-3) slipped back to fourth with Juan Marchal the only winner on the staff. Willie Mays, the oldest Giant of all, took a four-day rest and came back refreshed to hit three homers and score seven runs in two games. Veteran Bob Friend was bombed twice, but the rest of the PITTSBURGH Pirate (4-2) starters kept busy shooting down enemy hitters. Bob Veale won his 17th and 18th games, and Don Cardwell, who returned to the Bucs after a season's work in the minor leagues, threw a four-hit shutout. It was open season on Manager Walt Alston's job again in LOS ANGELES, but the Dodgers (4-3) may save it for him yet. They moved within striking distance of a first-division finish. MILWAUKEE's (2-4) shaky pitching staff allowed 35 runs, and Warren Spahn was blasted for five of them when he attempted his first start in a month as the Braves dropped down a notch to sixth. The HOUSTON Colt .45s fired three-year manager Harry Craft, and Coach Lum Harris stepped up to the top job. The Colts greeted the new field boss by pulling out a 2-1 win in the ninth inning to gain a split of six games. The New York Mets' (1-4) pitching allowed just 13 runs, but the attack was so weak (.213 team BA) that they could only win when Tracy Stallard threw a four-hit shutout. The CHICAGO Cubs (2-4) were outscored 35-15 when 18 pitchers failed to check the opposition in their losses. Last year's 20-game winner, Dick Ellsworth, was hit particularly hard, allowing 13 runs in two starts.



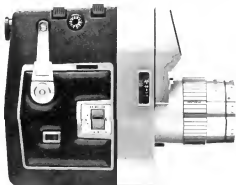
LARRY JACKSON: POSITIVE THINKER

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

When the season is over, the Chicago Cubs' ace right-hander Larry Jackson goes home to Boise, Idaho, to spend the winter, and he usually has gone a disappointed man. Jackson has been in the big leagues for nine seasons and has been considered one of the National League's best pitchers for most of them, but in 1964 began he had yet to do what every pitcher dreams of doing—win 20 games in one year. So, with little else to do in Boise, Jackson sat down last year and started persuading himself that he could be a 20-game winner. "I told myself I could win 20 games all last winter. I kept it up during the spring and then all through the season," said Jackson last week. He may

turn out to be the best example of the value of positive thinking since Norman Vincent Peale proposed the theory. In the first year of Jackson's experiment he has won his 20 games, Tuesday he pitched a six-hit, 6-1 victory over the pennant-contending Cincinnati Reds and became the major league's first 20-game winner of 1964. But his new self-inspired confidence propelled him further. Four days later he threw another six-hitter, defeating Milwaukee 5-3, for his 21st win and a big edge toward becoming baseball's winningest pitcher of the year. And what does Jackson think of it all? "I am no better this year than before [his ERA is, in fact, higher than in 1963], but I kept telling myself that I had to average four wins a month to make 20, and that's just what I did."

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

OLYMPIC CYCLE

Sirs:

Let's have more articles like the one on Cyclist Jackie Simes (*Law of the Wild White Noise*, Sept. 14). It is pitiful that he gets more support from the Dunes than from his fellow Americans.

JIM KILSO

Yakima, Wash.

Sirs:

Thanks a million for a fine article. Not only have you given your readers an accurate and most engaging portrait of this cyclist, you have given his sport some fine healthy publicity. That "wild white noise" will next be heard in Tokyo.

MRS. EARL BECHER

Allentown, Pa.

Sirs:

I would like Jack Simes to know that all of us in the U.S. who have an interest in amateur cycling will be following his fortunes in the coming Olympics. To return home with a gold medal or any medal for that matter would be just the tonic that bicycle racing needs in the U.S.

DAVE DESGAMAN

Minneapolis

DIRTY POOL

Sirs:

In your *Score* column of Sept. 7, you mentioned a racial incident that took place during the Chargers' recent preseason game in Atlanta, and said it occurred in a poolroom at the Hilton Inn. It did not. True, the Hilton Inn is near Atlanta in the city of Hapeville, but the poolroom in question is not, nor ever was, located in the Hilton Inn, nor is it owned or operated by the Hilton Inn. It is owned by a private citizen.

I certainly hope that you will see to it that the air is cleared as far as the location of the poolroom is concerned. Thank you for your fine coverage of the San Diego Chargers.

BARRON HILTON

San Diego

WOLF WHISTLES

Sirs:

Jack Olsen's *Savannah Hounds of a Texas Wolf Howl* (Sept. 14) has affirmed my belief that Texas is a land of mental midgets.

GLENN JONES

Victoria, B.C.

Sirs:

As a participant in and lover of almost all sports, I still find it difficult to consider hunting as sport. Your article described a particularly cruel method of destroying a

very courageous and noble species of wild life.

Although most of us are passively cruel by permitting this type of activity to exist in our civilization, your article described the hunter as he is—one who differs from others by becoming actively cruel. Man is almost the only animal that kills for pleasure. The excuse often given is that people are more important than animals.

Let's hope that your article lights a spark within some Texas readers to enact a law that prevents cruelty toward anyone or anything.

GEORGE P. KINKRA JR.

Los Angeles

Sirs:

Revoluting! No other word can describe your article on the Texas sport of wolf hunting. It is hard to believe that such inhumane activities are tolerated in today's society, but then what more can be expected from such infant slobs. It's obvious who needs the "load of No. 7 shot."

ROGER J. HARRIS

Los Angeles

OUT OF EAGLE'S NEST

Sirs:

Congratulations to Sl and Bob Ottum for the fine and complete article on Bill Cox (*Tease Skipper for a Taut Ship*, Aug. 31). I've known Cooke and raced against him for many, many years. He has certainly put his all into the *Eagle* this year, as you suggest.

However, it is somewhat inaccurate to say that John Nichols "dropped out of the crew at the end of the preliminary trials." The fact is John was fired. He was fired not face-to-face but over the telephone after he had gone home to Port Chester at the end of the New York Yacht Club Cruise—and he was fired not by Cox but by the manager of the Aurora Syndicate, because he "didn't know enough."

Now John Nichols raced with me for four years on *Wearlier* as head man on the foredeck. He made a boat that was slow upward go downward very fast indeed with the result that under our guidance *Wearlier* won three Queens' Cups, a couple of Clucas Cups (for the best elapsed time on the longest race of the NYCC Cruise), one Astor Cup, three Hovey Bowls (emblematic of the 13-meter season championships) and the Cygnat Cup in 1964 for the outstanding performance on the NYCC Cruise, plus the NINA Trophy and Vineyard Trophy in the 1961 Vineyard Race.

In my opinion, John Nichols has no peer except Rod Stephens Jr. in jib or spinnaker handling and trimming. I've sailed and raced with both of them probably more than any-

one else over a great many years. They both know their stuff and know how to handle themselves, aboard any boat of any size.

Furthermore, it is my opinion (which no one has asked for), that there were three factors that were mainly responsible for the selection of *Corvettone* over *American Eagle*: 1) the removal of John Nichols, 2) the addition of Rod Stephens to *Corvettone* (and you can bet your bottom dollar that this move "pulled" the crew of *Connie* right together) and 3) the new helmsman of *Connie*, Bob Bayer Jr., who is no slouch at steering anything.

ARIBUR KNAPP JR.

Larchmont, N.Y.

RYAN'S RACE

Sirs:

I feel compelled to compliment you on your coverage of Jim Ryan's preparation for the Olympic trials (*A Kansas Boy with a Milwaukee Task*, Sept. 14). Your article made me feel advance pressures, strategies, and determinations. Most impressive, however, was rereading it after the race.

Surely no one featured with such speculation on your cover has ever come on so magnificently. Ryan did all the things expected of and predicted for him and added that ingredient he had lacked before.

I have seen the video tape three times, including slow motion, and I will never forget that skinny 17-year-old form in the never-say-die drive that nailed a fine older runner at the finish line and got him his trip to Tokyo. It certainly was not a brilliant strategy race for Jim Ryan. He ran all over the track and many extra meters, but the things he lacks he can learn. What he showed he has fully justified all the attention he has been given. May all your choices prove so apt!

HARRY CROSBY

La Jolla, Calif.

Sirs:

What a shame and a pity, that a coach could be so selfish as to force a teenager into competition in the manner that Bob Timmons is pushing Jim Ryan. I am sorry for both of them.

CHARLOTTE C. MARSH

South Burlington, Vt.

RUSHY LOOK

Sirs:

The September 14 issue of *Sl* devotes eight pages to something you people call "the sporting look." The sad part of it all is that every page means one less page devoted to sports, truly a shameful waste!

E. W. BAGLIN

Huntsville, Ala.

continued



"I bought Northwestern Mutual life insurance because it offered me the largest recurring savings!"

RICHARD W. DORST, age 38, is president of Dorst Plastics Co., fiberglass boat builders, Santa Clara, Calif.

I'm ordinarily a comparison shopper. But I'd never really thought to compare similar policies among major life insurance companies. I guess I just didn't believe any significant difference would exist.

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Mrs. Dorst, as well as the 3 children—Jim, Joan, and Clara—are all NML policyowners.

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18TH HOLE

Sirs:

Those monk-strap shoes and that Australian bush hat are ridiculous.

JANET SIMPSON

Chicago

DENDY ON SONNY

Sirs:

As a subscriber to your publication from its first issue, I wish to make a few observations about your article, *To Fight or Not to Fight?* (Sept. 7). Over a period of many years you have earned items relating to the National Boxing Association and later the World Boxing Association. Most of these news stories, in my opinion, were critical of these organizations. I will admit that at times criticism was justified, but I do think that the current article was unfair and did not contain all of the facts relating to certain actions taken at the 1964 convention of the World Boxing Association.

With reference to myself and Brooks Dendy, your reporter failed to record my opening remarks with regard to this man. During the tenure of Joe Louis as heavyweight champion of the world, Dendy was the Negro golf champion of the U.S. For some three or four years these two champions of golf and boxing toured the U.S. giving exhibition matches, hence I consider Dendy fully qualified to express an opinion on Sonny Liston. What he said, in my opinion, accurately expresses the thinking of a majority of the sports fans of the world.

JOHN Y. JORDAN JR.

Asheville Boxing Commission
Asheville, N.C.

FORGOTTEN CHAMPS

Sirs:

Frank Deford's recent article on Roy Emerson (*Biggie Sinner on an Old Shoe*, Sept. 7) was well done, but as essence he failed to mention the really salient features of Emo's game; he is an errorless machine from the baseline and possesses the soundest ground strokes in amateur tennis.

Deford really goofed when he said that Rod Laver "has found a swift professional obscurity." Laver today is one of the three best tennis players in the world, and it is almost impossible to say who is the best among Laver, Rosewall and Gonzalez. If Deford had done the proper research he would have known that Laver beat both Rosewall and Gonzalez to win the U.S. pro grass court championship in July in Brookline, Mass. He has also won other big pro tournaments and, after a slow start, is one of the three best in the world. How obscure can you get?

GEORGE R. PENDLEY

Atlanta

● As obscure as the world's three best tennis players.—L.D.

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